THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year. No. 16. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO JANUARY 18, 1902. EVANGELINE BOOTH Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.

A Glimpse of Glory.

We look toward the setting sun
And fancy that we see
The home where, when our work is done,
We shall with Jesus be.
And while we contemplate the scene,
Lit up with glory-gold,
We feel it keeps our mem'ry green,
This vision to behold.

Well we remember what we were,
And how, but for the drum,
Which we have learnt to love so dear
We never might have come
To Christ, inside the fold of God,
But, shut outside the Gate,
Our bodies, p'r'aps, beneath the sod;
Our souls, alas! too late.

Yet as we gaze, the time has come
To put on uni. orm;
We take our bonnet, cap, and drum,
And rise to "stand the storm!"
A word of prayer; a short good-bye;
We leave for open-air,
To tell the sinners they must die,
And urge them to prepare.

Tho' crowds will not the warning take,
And many scoff and laugh;
From seed that's sown for Jesus' sake,
Comes wheat as well as chaff.
And by-and-bye, when fire shall try
The work of every one,
We shall receive, I do believe,
The welcome words, "Well done!"

—P.

WATCH-NIGHT AT LISGAR STREET.

Brigadier Pugmiro conducted the Watchnight Service at Lisgar Street, where the Dovercourt officers and soldiers also met for the occasion. There was an excellent attendance, and the Brigadier's inspired utterances were listened to with the greatest interest. Five souls surrendered at the cross. In the first few moments of the New Year the infant child of Bro. and Sister Turner was dedicated under the flag to God and the Army, by the Brigadier. We are bound to be conquerors in the ensuing year.—Not a Stranger.

WATCH-NIGHT AT LIPPINCOTT ST.

Watch Night at Lippincott Street.

The above service was conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, assisted by Staff-Captain Stanyon. Ofll No. 1 united with No. 2 for the occasion, marching over from their own Barracks at 10 p.m. The Staff-Captain opened the meeting with song No. 159, which was sung heartily. Captain Calvert of No. 1 and Adjutant Goodwin prayed, Staff-Captain Stanyon soloed "Send a Revival again," after which Major Collier and the Staff-Captain spoke. Then the Brigadier, Bible in hand, spoke on Jerusalem, describing its former beauty, how it had been the place where God dwelt, how it had fallen, and how Jesus wept over it, making the application to those who had once been out-and-out for God and in whose heart God by His Spirit had once dwelt. He then made it plain that in order to regain their former position they must feel their need of a revival of God's favor, confess and forsake their wrong and seek forgiveness of God. In the first few minutes of 1902 eight men and women knelt at the foot of the Cross, some who for many years had been backsliders and others who had grown cold. We gave to Jesus glory and go forward for a year of victory in 1902.
Uncle Tom.

"HAVEN" HAPPENINGS.

Christmas Dinners to Poor Families —Needy Men and Newsboys.

Adjt. Dodd, who is at present in charge of the Social work in this city, together with Adjt. Alward, have been kept particularly busy during the eight weeks preceding Christmas, in trying, by the help of God, to make Christmas Day a blessing to the poor and needy of this city. By the aid of those who attend our meetings, and the diligence of the officers and soldiers, some fifty or sixty families were located, who, by the practical sympathy of the business men and others of this city, were made happy at least for one day. Brothers Sly, Woodard, Flack, and Adjt. Dodd's new assistant, Lieut. Bassingthwaight, delivered the dinners to the poor families. The officers had taken the number of people in each needy home visited, and sent the amount of good things that would be required to satisfy all; notwithstanding this, some 200 men sat down to a first-class dinner at the Haven, consisting of turkey, chicken, pies, fruit, coffee, and other good things. If those who had sent the money and provisions along to help make these poor souls happy, could have made it convenient to have been present, they would have been more than satisfied for helping to make those less fortunate than themselves happy. Our corps officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre, together with the soldiers, helped the social officers in their work. One friend, "H.G.B.," responded magnificently, sending a large number of turkeys and other good things. He has been prominent in helping us ever since the Social work opened up in this city. The newsboys also were provided with dinner. They had a time set for their "feed," 3 p.m., and it did not take them long to inform us that they were on time, as they began to shout and make a racket as newsboys alone can make to perfection. We hopo, by God's help and blessing, and our feeble efforts, that quite a number of these precious souls will give God their hearts before another Christmas Day comes again, and help to be a blessing to others. We, in conclusion, wish God to prosper and bless the people of Spokane who rallied to our assistance, and hope that in giving to others Christ will give them His reward.—One of the Soldiers.

MODERN ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

CHAPTER II.

1. Now it came to pass in the month of December, which is the twelfth month, that orders came to me, at Grand Banx, to proceed to St. John's.

2. And having taken farewell of the comrades and friends, I took ship, bound thitherward.

3. But hearing a rumor that at Burin a certain apostle, whose name is Bishop, was to be united in holy wedlock to a propheress, Noel by name, I thought it wise to stop over and witness the happy and important event.

4. Accordingly, at the arrival of the ship at Burin, about the third watch of the night, I stepped ashore, and, behold, it was exceedingly dark.

5. But having some knowledge of the place, I made my way toward the apostle's residence, which was about nine furlongs off.

6. And there I found that one Ensign Cooper, he who should perform the ceremony, was lodged with Bishop the apostle.

7. And when the wedding day was fully come we were all with one accord in one place.

8. And behold, as one of the saints looked out of the window, he exclaimed, "The street is black with people!"

9. These same immediately gathered into the house of God, and commenced to sing Jehovah's praises, and, lo, the bridegroom came, followed by the bride and party.

10. And suddenly, as of a rushing mighty wind, a great shout arose.

11. And so, having finished the song, and invoked the blessing of God upon the assembly and the intended union.

12. One of the saints read the Scripture and the Articles of Marriage,

13. And immediately the contracting parties stepped forward, and declaring their willingness to comply with these rules, were pronounced man and wife.

14. And as the meeting proceeded, lo, one man was discovered who had not on the wedding garment,

15. And being filled with a demon, which robbed him of decency and self-respect, he made a great noise.

16. But having been taken to the door he went out into the darkness.

17. And the bride and groom, having expressed thankfulness to God for past blessings, and their determination to spend all their strength in His service, the meeting was brought to a close.

18. And many sat down to the great feast that was provided in honor of the occasion.

19. But, again taking ship, I proceeded to St. John's, where, on my arrival, I found many saints rejoicing in the Lord for the great victories gained through His name.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

Devil's Lake.—Dear old Ned,—Merry Christmas! I'm juet in off ther circle, an my ole horse he's—wal, he's bout winded. I'm still riden fer Jesus Christ & Co. They only use the one iron, that's ther Salvation brand I've been tellin yer so much about. An I'll tell yer, Ned, if ye've got that un on yer good and plain, don't never let the devil rent it, er tamper with it in any way, 'cause that's ther only brand that'll pass ther market when yer turn ther last curve fer Chicago. No, I ain't round-up-captain yet; I'm jest an ordinary rep, or outrider. I've got ½ dozen honest ole pack, loaded ter ther blanket with salvation, an I'm jest gein round inter ther highways and hedges, an all sorts of out of ther way places, an hazen in ther strays and mavericks, an kinder push in um inter ther main bunch, back of ther home ranch.

Yes, I'm ridin a fair horse now; he's got good lung capacity, big around ther heart, got er good back, well coupled up, good quarters, fine legs, shows speed and stayin qualities, good feet that can stan any kind of rocky trails, a head and neck that shows dash and nerve, constitution like a hemlock sawlog, and a stomach that'll digest anything from an acre of rose briars down ter a pine crane, an I could ride im round ther world. Jest ther kind of a steed fer Salvation Army warfare. Yes, I need a good horse, kase I've got er lot of hard riden ter do, an I'm goin ter make a regular hazer outen im, er my name ain't Brady.

Whenever I see ther devil throwin some poor creature off ther good grass down some bad-land washout, or onter some alkalt flatt, I'm jest goin ter git down my rope an hathe my ole horse way back in ther flank, an as long as he can swing er leg, he's got to do ther high run but what I get that feller back on good feed an water again. Yes I jess love this ere round-up business. Best outfit goin. Ther drum, an timbrels, an hand-clappin jes makes me think of jinglin spurs, clashin hoofs and whizzen hundys, an its ther sweetest music on earth.

Say, Ned, that ere Capt. Brandser, she's goin in cohorts wi Capt. Charlton. An they are holden down of ther home ranch an lookin after ther corralls. Both women, but they're doin good work fer ther outfit, an have got ther range well located a'ready.

Waz I tellin yer about that other feller as come out ter ther penitent form night afore last? Well, he did. Gran round-up prospect here at ther Lake. Say, Ned can't yer come down an help us work ther ropes? Yes, everything's pickin up here now—collections runnin high, an good crowds. Ther Lord is movin among ther people. Hallelujah!

Say, Ned, yer been hearin about that new joke? I dreamed as how ole Santa Claus was tryin ter get down ther chimney uv one of them newfangled housekeepers, an had ter give it up. Merry Xmas!—Yer pal, Buckskin Brady.

PROVERBS.

Time is a noiseless file.—Italian.

Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history.—Arabic.

There is no worse robber than a bad book.—Italian.

One foe is too many, and a hundred friends too few.—German.

He who speaks, sows; he who keeps silence, reaps.—Italian.

God is a good worker, but He loves to be helped.—Basque.

The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound.—German.

So give to-day that thou shalt be able to give to-morrow.—Danish.

Charity gives itself rich; covetousness hoards itself poor.—German.

If folly were a pain, there would be crying in every house.—Spanish.

No pains, no gains—no sweat, no sweet—no mill, no meal.—English.

One has always enough strength to bear the misfortunes of one's friends. —French.

When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil and the bran to God.—Italian.

True it is, and it always has been, that cheerfulness is riches that cannot be taxed.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXI.

Gunther .... A.D. 1347-1347.
Karl IV..... ... . 1347-1378.

Karl IV. was looked on in Germany as almost a Frenchman, and some of the Electors chose Count Gunther of Schwartzenburg in his stead. Gunther was a good old man, and much respected, but he died immediately after his election, and it was thought that he had been poisoned. After attending his funeral in full state, Karl was crowned at Aachen.

The Pope much wished to get back to Rome from Avignon, but was afraid of only getting under the power of Germany as he was now under that of France; so he very cautiously treated with Karl. A commissioner was sent to crown the Emperor at Rome, but only on his promise to stay there no longer than for one month, without arms or army; a promise which the Ghibellines thought unworthy of one who called himself the Roman Emperor.

Karl was said to be the father of Bohemia, his hereditary kingdom, but the step-father of Germany. He sold the crown lands, and he also sold titles and honors to the nobles; thus greatly weakening future Kaisers, and adding to the power and lawlessness of the counts and barons, who needed him little. Besides, the empire was visited by the Black Death, the horrible disease that raged all over Europe, and was specially dreadful in Germany, where whole villages were left without an inhabitant, and even the cats, dogs, and pigs died. People treated this visitation in different ways. One set declared it was owing to the Jews, and persecuted them frightfully, two thousand of them being burned in one pile, in Strasburg alone. Others more rightly thought that the pestilence was a visitation for the sins of Christians, but supposed that penitence might best be shown by scourging themselves. An order called Flagellants was formed for the purpose; and men and boys, stripped to the waist, went through the streets in the towns singing litanies, while each beat the man in front of him with rods or scourges till he was streaming with blood. The wisest people were the women, chiefly in Flanders, who banded together, under the name of Beguines, to nurse and tend the sick.

In 1356 Karl held a great diet at Nuremburg, at which was drawn up the Edict that was called the Golden Ball, from the golden ball or bubble, in which its seal is enclosed. It is a very noted document, for it fixed the constitution of the Kingdom of Germany and of the Holy Roman Empire, making seven Electors, three spiritual and four temporal, and declaring that each in his own province should be a sovereign prince, with no appeal from his decisions, except to the Kaiser himself. The three spiritual Electors were the Archbishops of Mainz, Koln, and Trier; the four temporal were the King of Bohemia, the Markgraf of Brandenburg, the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, and the Duke of Saxony. It was published in the presence of the Emperor on his throne, and the next year another diet was held at Mainz, at which each Elector was present, and feasted in the market-place, each in character with the office he bore in the Imperial household, the three Archbishops each with a seal hanging round his neck as Arch-Chancellors, the Duke of Saxony with a silver peck of oats as Master of the Horse, the Markgraf of Brandenburg with a basin and ewer of gold as grand seneschal; the Emperor's nephew, representing the Bohemian King, as grand butler, brought wine in a golden flagon; and the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, the grand carver, served up the dishes. After the banquet, the Markgraf of Missia and the Count of Schwartzenburg, as grand huntsmen, sounded their horns, called up their hounds, and killed a bear and a stag in the presence of the Emperor. At this diet was present Charles, the Kaiser's nephew, and heir of France, who had just become Count Dauphin of Vienne, and was thus a vassal of the empire.

SOLO SINGING.

By MAJOR J. C. LUDGATE.

[Major Ludgate has, for a number of years, been one of the Army's best soloists, both in Canada and America, and is considered to be second to none in our ranks as an authority on that line. The following, from his pen, is, therefore, to be appreciated, and should be carefully read and the advice taken by all soloists.—Ed.]

There are three things that I wish to particularly speak of as being very important in effective solo singing. First, position; second, choice of appropriate solos; third, use of the voice.

Position.

We will suppose that you have memorized a number of salvation songs, and that you have been called upon to sing a solo in the open-air. You should always place yourself above the heads of the crowd, by either standing on a chair or a box, so that the people can see the singer easily. This will also give the person singing an additional advantage in order to send the truth that he is singing home to the hearts of the listeners, as the people will give greater and closer attention to the song if the singer can be seen easily; for if the person singing stands on the ground, and there is a crowd of people standing around the ring, it will be difficult for those standing back of the centre of the ring to see the singer. They will simply hear the voice, and will be craning their necks and dodging to the right and to the left to try and catch a glimpse of the one who is singing. Whereas, by the singer standing on an elevation and being raised in full view of the crowd, they can thus centre all their thought and attention upon the subject of which the solo treats.

Stand erect, with the shoulders well thrown back, in an easy attitude. Be natural; do not act stiff, but use the hands to illustrate the song. For instance, if you are singing of heaven, it will be very appropriate to raise the hand pointing upwards. If the song is one of invitation, in which you are inviting the people to come, it will be perfectly proper to make the beckoning motion with the hand, etc. Of course, this must be done naturally, without apparent effort. Be careful not to overdo the gesture, as too much gesture to illustrate a song is worse than none at all. Practice in this line, as in everything else, will make one perfect. Try to forget everything else but the subject of which the song treats, and the people standing around you.

Do not have the clothing or the collar tight about your neck. To sing effectively you must have plenty of room around the neck and chest, so that the deep breathing which is necessary for effective solo singing will not be interfered with.

While singing, you should look the people in the face. If possible try and catch the eye of the listener. This will enable you to drive your arrow of truth, contained in the Gospel song, straight home to the heart. So you will readily see the advantage of having memorized your solo, for if you have to stand and sing from the book your whole mind and attention would only be centred upon the page of the book and reading the words, and you would not have the opportunity of looking the people in the face and the eye, and thus by personal appeal and personal magnetism singing the truth home to their hearts.

Appropriate Solos.

Every person in the Salvation Army who is capable of singing a solo should always come to the meeting prepared to sing if called upon. This is thoroughly understood by all solo-singers. Always come to the meeting prepared, so that when the call is made upon you for a solo the precious time of the meeting will not be wasted by you in searching through your book for a solo to sing. But now we come to the important point—appropriate singing. If the meeting is for holiness or consecration, it would be unwise for you to select as your solo a song for sinners, as probably there would be few, if any, unsaved people present, or if it were a salvation meeting it would be out of place to sing a holiness solo; or if you were called upon to sing a solo in the prayer meeting, in order to help sinners to a decision, you would not choose a war song or a hallelujah, blood-and-fire selection, but you would select a solo that would suit the needs of the particular meeting, or part of the meeting, that you were called upon to fill in. A good plan for you would be to first memorize your solos; then have a little pocket note-book in which you should write, in alphabetical order, the first line of your solos, so as to refresh your memory. For instance, starting with the letter A, you would put down "All round the world," "A Friend of Jesus," "A true-hearted Captain," etc. This would give you a cue to your song, and so on through the whole of the alphabet. The writer has had just such a book for his own use for a number of years, and there are considerably over 200 solos in this book, suitable for all occasions that come up, and we can turn to any one of them in a few moments.

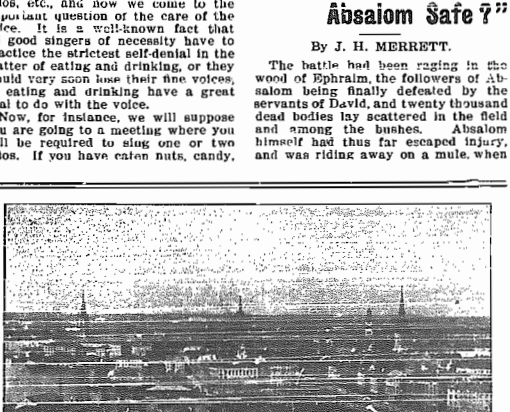
Use of the Voice.

We have already dealt with the question of position and memorizing solos, etc., and now we come to the important question of the care of the voice. It is a well-known fact that all good singers of necessity have to practice the strictest self-denial in the matter of eating and drinking, or they would very soon lose their fine voices, as eating and drinking have a great deal to do with the voice.

Now, for instance, we will suppose you are going to a meeting where you will be required to sing one or two solos. If you have eaten nuts, candy, or ice-cream, or indulged in a hearty meal shortly before singing, you will find that it will greatly interfere with the ease with which you can sing, and with the clearness of your voice. If you are possessed with a good voice for singing, in order to retain it it will mean that you will, of necessity, have to deny yourself of the many luxuries of eating and drinking that other people who are not singers can indulge in; this is the price that good singers have to pay. Then you must be careful, whatever you do, not to strain the voice in singing a solo. Find out how high you can go in the scale without straining yourself, and always confine yourself to the key that you know you can sing with ease. Sing slowly, pronouncing each word with distinctness; sing with feeling. You should let the sentiment of the song that you are singing take full possession of you. You have noticed, of course, the difference between singers; you have heard one singer who has sung with such emphasis and feeling that the audience has been moved to tears and sobs, who, perhaps, was not possessed of a remarkably fine voice, but it was the soul and the feeling the singer put behind the words that reached the hearts and consciences of the people, while another singer, who had a remarkably fine voice, and who has soared up among the clouds with his or her high notes, and whose words the audience failed to understand, also failed to draw a single tear from anyone present, but did draw a big sigh of relief when the performance was finished.

Salvation Army singers and soloists must sing from the heart if they expect to reach the hearts of their hearers. We must sing the Gospel message that every word will be fully understood by every one present. We should sing realizing the stern facts that eternity is real, heaven and hell are real; sitting before us are people who are traveling to either of these places.

I would say, in conclusion, if the Lord has placed within your care the talent to sing a song that He will exact a strict account on the Judgment Day of what you have done with it.



Stockholm.

Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, is situated at the point where Lake Malar unites its waters with those of the Baltic Ocean. It was founded in the 13th century. At Stockholm is situated the Headquarters for the Army's operations in Sweden, which are of considerable importance, since it is equal in number of corps, officers, and institutions, to Canada.

"Is the Young Man Absalom Safe?"

By J. H. MERRETT.

The battle had been raging in the wood of Ephraim, the followers of Absalom being finally defeated by the servants of David, and twenty thousand dead bodies lay scattered in the field and among the bushes. Absalom himself had thus far escaped injury, and was riding away on a mule, when his hair became entangled in the branches of an oak tree. The mule went away and he was left dangling in the air. Just about this time one of David's servants came along, saw it, and reported the matter to Joab, the leader of David's men. Being conscious of the fact that David had especially requested his followers to "deal gently, for my sake, with the young man," the servant had spared Absalom's life, but Joab was not so respectful to David's wishes, nor fearful of his wrath. Not he! Here was his chance to distinguish himself, and to render, as he thought, good service to his master, by slaying the man who had stolen the people's hearts from his father, driven him from his home, and even determined to take his life. Short work, that, indeed! Off Joab goes with three darts in his hand, and through the heart of Absalom he thrusts them, as the poor, misguided wretch hung by his beautiful hair in the branches. Then Joab's ten armor-bearers compassed about and smote him till he died; into a great pit they cast him, on top of him they laid a great heap of stones, and that was the last of poor Absalom!

A Father's Love.

But what about David all this time? Poor old man! Who can tell his feelings! In his heart was a father's love, and in spite of all his wrongdoings, Absalom was still his son. There he sat, between the two gates, anxiously waiting for tidings. Look, look! There comes a runner! Who is it? Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok. "He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings!" "And Ahimaaz called and said unto the King, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the King, and said, Blessed be the Lord, thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord, the King." But what does David care about the men? What about the boy? "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ah Ahimaaz could tell was that he saw a great tumult, but knew not what it was. But look again! Here comes Cushi! What are the tidings, Cushi? "Is the young man Absalom safe?" "The enemies of my lord, the King, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is!" What, dead? Yes! Slain by whom? A friend of his father! Joab, regardless of David's orders, and forgetful of a father's love, has slain poor Absalom!

* * * *

But what about the thousands of young men on our streets to-day? "Is the young man safe?" Look at his surroundings. What about the young lad who is allowed to do as he likes, and go where he pleases? Only six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen years of age, and allowed to run the streets at all hours of the night. Listen to the language of that gang of youngsters on the corner. "Is the young man safe?" Stand at the door of any dime show house, and watch the boys going in to see some low-class love-play or blood-curdling tragedy. "Is the young man safe?" Look at that boy intently reading that dime novel—a wild-west scout, a daring highwayman, a blood-and-thunder Indian adventure, or some other hellish yarn, that would excite any brain and poison any mind. "Is the young man safe?" Hark! Where is that music? Oh, that is the harpers over in the ——. The proprietor is a jolly good fellow, and loves to give the boys a gay time! But look at the crowd of young men up at the bar, drinking and taking "smokes," while the jolly good fellow's servant—the bar-tender—rakes in their, or their father's, hard-earned cash. "Is the young man safe?" Look at the youngsters smoking those poisonous, brain-dwarfing, nerve-destroying cigarettes—the curse of thousands of school boys, the enemy of the dude and the fop. "Is the young man safe?" And I need not ask it again, when you see the young man who is a companion of that street-walker, and who frequents the haunts of her "whose house is the way of hell, going down to the chambers of death."

No, no, no! The young man is not safe! "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

"Therefore, remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity."

* * * *

When is a young man safe?

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path."

Where is a young man safe?

"Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me; in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me upon a rock."

How is a young man safe?

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to Thy word."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Say, young man, are you safe?

OUR CHILDREN.

BY THE GENERAL.

WHEN Jesus Christ said, "The poor ye have always with you," He might have added, **and the children.** The children, bless them! are all around us. They are everywhere. What shall we do with the children?

A Roman Catholic Priest is reported to have said, "Give me the children till they are ten years old, and I will so fix my doctrines in their minds and my purposes in their hearts, that, no matter how long they live, they shall be secured to my church."

"Give me the children till they are ten," says the devil, "and I will—except some great miracle be wrought—make them mine for ever. I will so poison their minds, and corrupt their passions, I will create such habits of falsehood, and so destroy their faith in goodness, in God, and in godly men, that their conversion shall be made very, very difficult, if not impossible."

"Give me the children," says the General of the Salvation Army, "and I will instruct them in truth, cradle them in righteousness, compass them with the spirit of love to God, and bind them together in self-sacrificing love to the souls of men, so that they shall not only be saved themselves, but make an Army that shall shake the world."

Yes; give me the children. I want them to be God's representatives on earth. I want them to show men Who God is, and what God does. I want them to be His soldiers, to fight sin. I want them to be His angels, to be moulded and fashioned so that they may be fit to be with Him in Paradise for ever.

But I cannot get the children, though I want them ever so much, if I am left to myself, and I cannot get my way with them, when they are mine, without agents. You, my Local Officers and soldiers, are my agents. You must get me the children.

Give me your own children. I have given you mine. Every one of them have been laid on the altar for your sake. Give me yours for the same object. Put them on the same altar. What better can you do with them than make them the saints of God and the soldiers of Jesus Christ? Can you tell me?

Does anyone say that we have not done well by the children in the past? Well, if I have not done all that is desired, or all that has been promised, I have some reasons to give. I might spread them out. I might say that my soldiers have not co-operated with me, or believed in my work for the children as they might have done. I might say also that we were new to that work, and the plans were imperfect, and we had all our Junior Officers to make—but I leave it.

And yet I must say that we have done something. See the blessed officers who are fighting all over the world, the cloud of Local Officers who are doing good service in their corps, the thousands of soldiers who are scattered all over the land, and the dear saints who are singing before the throne, who were brought to God when children. Still, the results are small, compared with what they ought to have been. I admit it with sorrow. But we are improving, and imperfect as we are, I flatter myself that there is no other training-ground in the wide world where children will have as good a chance of being saved and sanctified, and made into dare-devil warriors of the cross, as in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

But, nevertheless, we must do better. I must do better. You must do better. By prayer, faith, watchfulness, and direct effort, every soldier must help us to do better. I insist upon it.

But how? Ah, that is the question. Well, I will give you one piece of advice, which, if you will act upon it, will go a long way to fulfil any dream I have dreamed about the Juniors. And I have had some celestial dreams about them, my comrades—some celestial dreams. If you want to do better with the children, if you want them to be good and to persevere, and to turn out holy, useful men and women, **get them converted.**

Oh, General, you say, but how is it to be done? I answer back, **In the same way that you got their fathers and mothers saved.** What is that? You know, but I will remind you.

1. **Convert them from sin.** Show them what sin is.

Make them see it to be a wrong—a big, black wrong. Make them understand that whenever they do what is not right, that when they tell a lie, or are disobedient, or practice deception, or are cruel, or do dirty tricks, or other similar things, that they are committing sin.

Make them see that when they sin they commit an offence against God. Lift their little thoughts up to God. Explain to them that God watches them, and writes down their sayings and doings in His book. And make them see that while He is angry with them, and will punish them if they die in their sins, He is also anxious to forgive them. Preach Jesus to the children, just as you do to the old people. They will understand you and bless you if you give them the truth.

2. After you have made them see and feel that they are sinners, and that sin is a dreadful thing, then show them how willing God is to forgive them if they will give it up.

Do not be taken off this by doubts as to whether they understand what you mean. They will understand you a great deal better than many grown-up people will. Have faith. Stick to them; and when you have produced in their hearts the knowledge that they are sinners, go on to make them intelligently and deliberately give up their sin.

This will raise the importance of conversion with them. A young slum lad, who could not be more than ten years of age, with a godless home, came to the penitent form, at one of my Junior meetings. He sought salvation. But in the Registration Room they made him understand that he had to give up all his naughty ways. He paused and said, "Oh, I must have something more done at me before I can do that," and of his own accord, away he went back to the penitent form to get something more done at him. After a while he came back with a bright face, saying, "I can do it now."

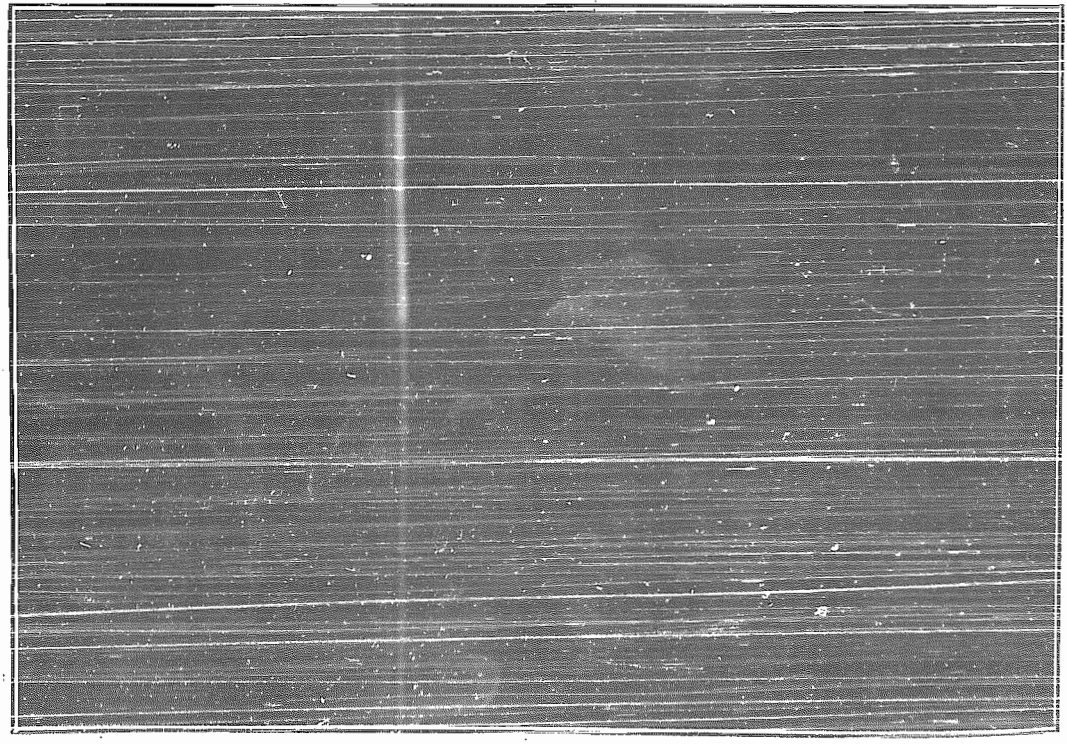
3. Do not be satisfied until the children believe with their hearts that **God saves them.** You must push them on to trust God for a present salvation. That is exactly what you would do with their fathers and mothers. There is only the same way for their children. God is no respector of persons or of ages.

4. **Encourage them to testify.** You need not do it before the Seniors, but you should amongst their own class. My children did. They preached, and prayed, and toiled for one another in the most delightful way, and, I believe, with a really Divine spirit. If the children are saved they will know it.

5. **Teach them to live their religion, and fight for the salvation of their companions, and do it all in faith for the co-operation of the Holy Spirit.**

God will help you with the children if you will go to work to help Him.

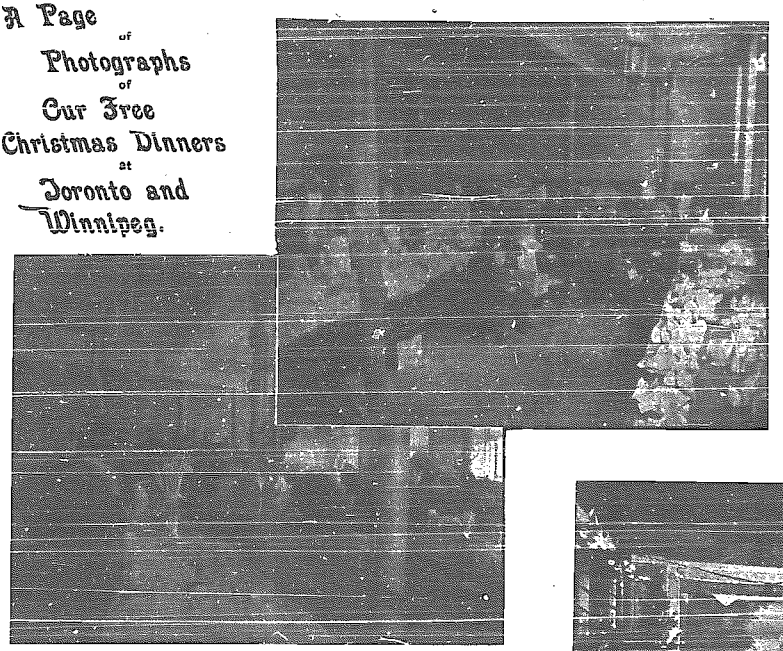
It is all but useless to plant seeds when the Springtime is gone; the harvest of character must depend in part upon planting the soil in the time of awakening.



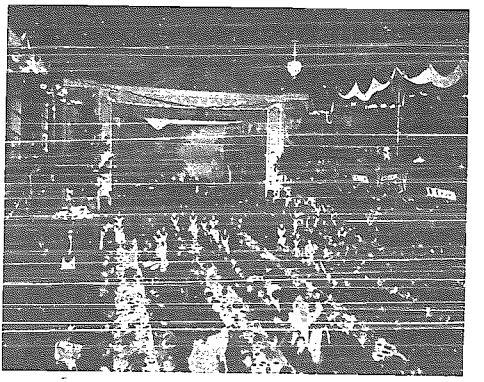
THE PRODIGAL SON.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."—St. Luke xv. 15, 16.

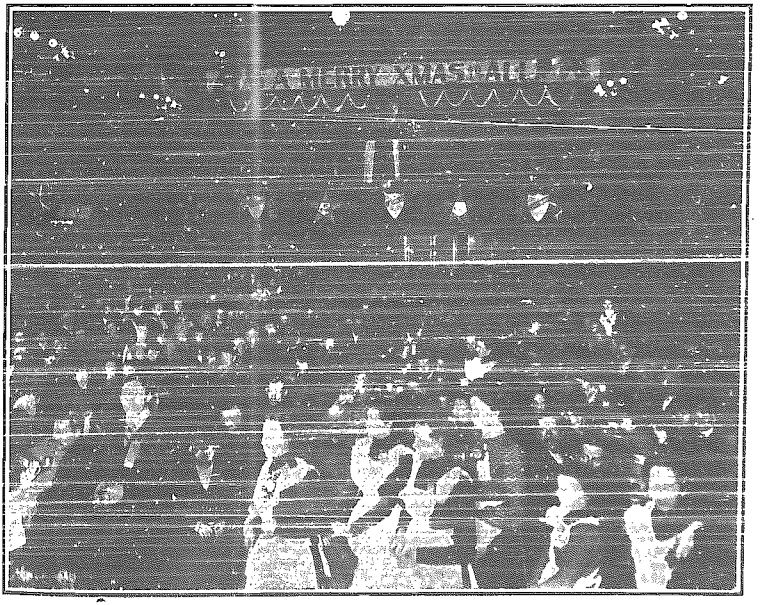
A Page of Photographs of Our Free Christmas Dinners at Toronto and Winnipeg.



Winnipeg's Feast to the Poor, Christmas Day, 1901.
Upper View.—Getting Ready for the Dinner and Filling the Baskets.
Lower View.—Singing Grace Before Dinner.



The Pavilion, Toronto, as Seen From the Gallery, December 28th.



The Great Christmas Dinner to Toronto's Poor, at the Pavilion, on Dec. 28th. View taken from the platform.

HAMILTON'S POOR CHILDREN.

Four Hundred Receive a Banquet and Presents at No. 2 Corps, Hamilton.

A free dinner to 500 poor children had been announced for the past three weeks, and on Jan. 3rd, in the No. 2 barracks, Hamilton, our expectations were realized by seeing about 400 of the poorest children that could be got together in the city, and if you had been present at 6.30, and seen the way they pitched into the beef, potatoes, turnips, plum pudding, buns, cakes, etc., you would have been pleased.

The brass band of No. 1 played a number of selections, Bro. Wheeden kindly manipulated his graphophone to the delight of all present, both old and young; short speeches were made by Adjt. DesBrisay, our D.O., Sec. Matthews and the writer.

But the climax was reached when Sec. Matthews, assisted by Sergt.-Major Reece, gave out the parcels which had been contributed by willing workers. As the children passed around they were given a bag of candy by Bro. Towers; books, dolls, whistles, trumpets, drums, pails, rattles, pistols, etc., were given by Capt. Bowron and Capt. Earle; and that was not the end, for at the door children were met by Bros. Porter and Weddicomb, who surprised them with a nice yellow orange.

One of the best Christmas treats for the children in the city was brought to a close with the children wishing that Christmas would come often, and the staff of workers, who cannot be too highly praised, feeling grateful with the fact that they had been enabled to help the little ones at this Christmastide.—Froggie.

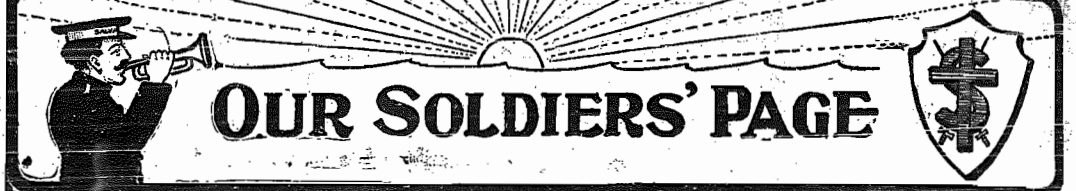
"A POCKETFUL OF SUNSHINE."

"A pocketful of sunshine
  is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
  Of the young and of the old;
It fills the world with pleasure,
  In field, in lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
  Of the mortals that we meet.

A pocketful of sunshine
  Can make the world akin,
And lift a load of sorrow
  From the burdened backs of sin;
Dispelling light and knowledge
  Through thorny paths of life;
It gilds with silver lining
  The stormy clouds of strife."

—January Ladies' Home Journal.

Never forget that what is good for one person may not be good for another; and always use as goodly a share of common-sense in the decision of any question concerning your health as you would in any of the other problems of your life. January Ladies' Home Journal



Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

A Good Paymaster.—Luke v. 4.

The Lord was a good paymaster. He used Peter's boat for a pulpit, but he repaid him with the best catch of fish he had ever known; and the man who gives Jesus house-room will never repent the bargain. The Ark of God brought a mighty blessing to the house of Obed-Edom, but the presence of Jesus brings spiritual gifts that are beyond price. Peter was astonished at the miracle; but those who know Jesus best, know but little. His love is an unfathomed sea. To see Jesus is to make us ashamed; as we get into His presence we are conscious of our unworthiness. The light that falls from the face of God reveals our sins, but it also shows His love. "Fear not," He said. His blessings are for universal benefit. They will be wisely guided and well paid who serve Jesus Christ.

MONDAY.

Prosperity Under Persecution.—Ex. i. 12.

After the sunshine comes the shower; after autumn, winter. It is true of all human experience. For a time Israel's day of ease were over; now hardship, poverty, oppression were heaped upon them, like hammer-strokes upon the heated iron. In this way is a nation beaten into shape. "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." This prosperity of Israel was a great perplexity to their persecutors. "They were grieved because of the Children of Israel." No nation has ever perished through hardship. Under the burden a nation grows strong. Above all this is characteristic of the spiritual life. The affliction of the Christian should but multiply his graces, the loss of earthly possessions but open his eyes to the riches which are in Christ Jesus.

TUESDAY.

The First Step Fatal.—Luke vi. 16.

Among the twelve whom Jesus called to be apostles, was "Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor." There is nothing in all human experience more sad than this fact, that the worst of characters may grow up in the presence of the purest spirit, and in spite of the loftiest example. We are astonished that some who are taught by the most earnest teachers, are not drawn to Christ. Here was the best society and the noblest Teacher in the world; yet with such a Teacher Judas grew daily worse, hardening where others melted, freezing in the fire of loving influence, until he had passed beyond the hope of salvation. No man passes from heaven to hell with one leap. The seeds of death lurked in this man's soul, and their presence slowly turned truth into falsehood, and good into evil, until that love which made others pure and noble only seemed to offer him the opportunity of accomplishing, without punishment, the despicable act of betrayal. Thus may even our blessings become, by our own acts, curses.

WEDNESDAY.

When God Works.—Exodus ii. 6.

The beginning of the deliverance of Israel was the birth of a little slave. The mother, in doing her duty, was not only protecting an infant's life, but working out the salvation of a nation. How closely are the little and great things of life connected. This frail ark of rushes bore one whose words were to humble the proudest people on earth. The hand of this little child should shake the mightiest kingdom in the world. When she had opened it she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrew's children. In this cruel nation, and in the family of this oppressive king, there was one kind heart. No nation is ever entirely given up to selfishness; in the foulest spots on earth are often found some flowers which are beautiful and fragrant. When God works, how easy it comes to pass. Princess and peasant girl alike are unconsciously following the indications of His will. Providence reaches further, and appears more frequently, than most of us suspect.

THURSDAY.

Joy in Sorrow.—Luke vi. 23.

Leap for joy! The Gospel not only changes the character, but it inserts the conceptions of human life—gentleness for violence, kindness for insult, these we might look for in a religion of which Jesus is the Author. Nay, we may expect the Christian to bear sorrow with resignation, and oppression with patience. But note in what spirit Jesus speaks of it. Patience? Resignation? No bridegroom ever went forth so gaily as he should go whose heart is a target for every arrow, whose character is a mark for every slander. He must not go forth weeping. He must leap for joy. His strong, exultant spirit must see in these the last great proof of complete union with his Lord. "The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." It is the seal of the covenant and the sign-manual of God's great gift. It is the first step to the crown, when men can see in us so many points of likeness to the King.

FRIDAY.

Sincerity.—Luke viii. 15.

"An honest and good heart." Here we see how essential sincerity is to salvation. This is the difference between the good ground and the bad. The unfruitful ground was not what it seemed. It was shallow, or stony, or impure. The condition of a fruitful harvest is sincerity; and the philosophy of the matter is simple enough. It is the sincere heart which is submissive. Even Christ cannot lead the man who will not follow; but where sincerity is, there are infinite possibilities. This is the clay of which the Master can make the most honored vessels. The apostles were not men of genius. They had no education or culture, but only the desire to know and to do the will of Christ; and out of those peasants and fishermen Jesus made the men who were the leaders of thought and builders of the church and the saviours of the world.

SATURDAY.

The Attraction of the Cross.—Luke ix. 23.

This saying of Jesus bears upon the face of it the stamp of Divinity. Who else would have dared to tempt followers, by the promise of hardship and persecution and death? And yet how surely our Lord touches the right chord in the human heart! He appeals to the best thought of the best part of our being. Only such a Gospel as this will produce the highest form of discipleship. Christ wants those who come to Him from love, and who from Him will never turn. The promised Land was open to all Israel, but only such as Joshua and Caleb of all their generations were able to enter it, because only they had faith to see the crown through the trials. It is ever true of the Kingdom of God. "Many are called, but few are chosen." But the chosen ones who are charmed by the cross are very near and dear to Jesus. He may seem to expose them to many dangers, but the very hairs of their heads are all numbered, and He will at least ensure for them "an abundant entrance."

Our worst flatterers are in the mirror.

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

THE FRENCH WAR.—(Continued.)

We question whether, in all the Army's story, there have been three months equal to those for desperate fighting and complete victory. Imagine, if you can, the seventy-seven days, or more, which came and went, while the little company kept hoping against hope for permission to reopen the hall, hoping to find another where they might be allowed to continue their work, or hoping to find some other road, along which to move forward to the attack on the country; those days in which the devil never ceased to assure them that it was all over with them, that whatever might be done elsewhere, there could be

No Hope of Making a Salvation Army in France;

those weary, weary days, that must have stretched themselves out as though they were weeks, in which, nevertheless, no soul of the little band wavered, in which nothing of confidence was lost, and God alone can say how much else was won!

It was during the closure of the first hall that the new one on Quai Valmy, which has ever since been the French Headquarters, was found; and once the services had been established here, it was not thought worth while to continue the use of the old place, of the closing of which a second time there was necessarily constant dread. Before leaving it, however, we ought to mention that no less than forty-five soldiers of the first corps were assembled in it at one time, almost all of them ready to testify to the glorious salvation which they had received amidst its stormy scenes.

The new hall was intensely interesting from the fact that it had been used, in the days of the Commune, as a battery, holes roughly made in the walls, as embrasures for the guns, having been filled up in a way that still leaves the traces of those awful days behind. This old foundry had, moreover, an iron door, which, from the very first, has proved most useful. Standing, as it does, by the side of a canal, with a gas illumination in front, which makes it clearly visible from the bridge and roadway that leads to the Buttes de Chaumont, this is, indeed, a battery, commanding some of the densest masses of Paris, and here, ever since October 16th, 1881, the war has been carried on with ceaseless pertinacity and continued success. The very first night the great iron door was put to the test with stones, and inside there was also one of the disturbances that had been seen in the meetings all along. One of the habitual disturbers, a very furious fellow, came in, and began to say, "Citizens, this is all a manœuvre of the Jesuits; our streets are going to run with blood again." The sympathetic part of the audience at once cried, "To the door!" and a number of them hustled him out. Two gendarmes had to come the same evening to maintain order outside.

Died at His Post.

Those who are acquainted with the Army will hardly need to be reminded that at this very door, our beloved comrade, Jeannonod, was struck, never to appear again at his post; and the scenes within, as well as without, the hall during all these years continued much the same, the congregation changing and varying so much that it would be difficult to guess how many thousand different people have, in this one hall, been dealt with about their souls.

In November, 1882, however, the Marechale, not content with the use of this one building, hired one in another extremely poor neighborhood, Rue Oberkampff, where even more violent scenes took place than had been witnessed by the Army in Paris before. The resistance here to the truth was by pistol, dagger, and knife; and the officers were not only severely wounded on the spot in several cases, but were chased from the neighborhood often for miles, time after time, barely escaping under the care of the police, in trams, and other public conveyances, so that no one could wonder or complain when, in a short time, the police order to close was forthcoming. The loss of rent, and other expenses consequent on such an order would, in itself, be no small matter to a poor mission, even if the trial of being driven from the very people they most sought to bless were not too great to allow these minor consequences to be thought of.

Shutting up the Salvation Army is not an operation that we should recommend to anyone who wishes to appear successful, even in this present life, for every time there is an attempt to shut the door in one direction, there is sure to be a more violent outburst some other way; and no sooner was the closing of the Oberkampff hall a certainty than all eyes were turned towards

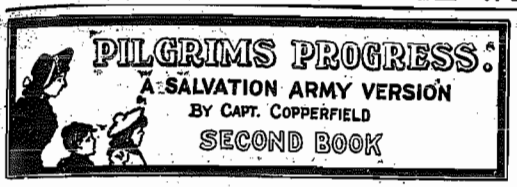
Switzerland,

invitations to which country had hitherto been put aside, it being thought impossible to attend to them while there was so much on hand in France.

In Geneva there was liberty. No difficulty was to be apprehended. We had already, we were told, many friends in that city, and there could be no doubt that not only there, but throughout Switzerland, we should receive a welcome, and find, comparatively speaking, an easy sphere of labor. Colonel Clibborn, a young Irish minister of the Society of Friends, who had joined the Army in France, in 1882, went forward to prepare the way, and, in one or two private explanatory meetings he held, every sign of favor was present, and nothing that indicated any other but an easy victory for the Army. True, when it came to the ministry of a woman, there was some hesitation about the use of halls; but, whatever this might have amounted to, prejudice gave way, and it was arranged that Miss Booth, accompanied by Colonel Clibborn and others, should be allowed to use the Reformation Hall for one or two meetings.

For the first few days after her arrival in the city the prospects remained only too peaceful and quiet. She had come under the most respectable auspices, and the difficulty was to get anybody but the most respectable people to the meetings. Therefore a bill was submitted to the authorities, and, after their approval, was issued, announcing that at the next meeting the Army motto, "Blood-and-Fire," would be explained, and that Marechale Booth would "open the attack."

(To be continued.)



CHAPTER XIX.

Home at Last.

Then the pilgrims desired with trembling to go forward; only they asked their guide to light a lantern that they had picked up at the roadside. So he struck a light, and they went by the help of that through the rest of the way.

Now when they were almost at the end of this ground, they overtook another pilgrim named Stand-fast. He was in the act of praying on his knees, when they came up to him, and, not knowing who they were, would have run away, had not they called on him to stop, in the name of the Lord. He then joined their company, and related in detail how he had been tempted to give up his pilgrimage by a bad woman named Madam Bubble, who had led many astray, and was quite gifted in chatting and smiling. But in the hour of temptation, he had dropped on his knees, asking God to help him. At the sight of this she laughed scornfully and went her way.

So I saw in my dream that they came on until they entered into the land of Beulah, where the sun shines night and day. Here, because they were weary, they rested awhile; but a little sleep soon refreshed them. Then they awoke to enjoy the beautiful country, for there was a sound of music in the spicy air, and there were all kinds of fruit to be had for the picking. The people of the plain, too, were all Christians, and oh! it made such a difference! Their conversation was in heavon; that is, they spoke of pilgrims who had arrived, and of those who were expected, and how many were to cross the river to-day! and the latest news from heaven that the shining ones, who pass to and fro, had brought. So the pilgrims walked about seeing celestial visions, and hearing heavenly noises. In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, and tasted nothing that was offensive to their stomach or mind.

In this place there was a record kept of all pilgrims, and against their names the number of souls they had led to the Saviour. The number of shining ones who escorted them from the river banks to the Golden Gates was according to the number that appeared against their names in this list.

A Telegram.

Now, the very next day, a telegram came from the Celestial City addressed to "Christiana, wife of Christian Pilgrim, who came out of the City of Destruction." It was brought to her by one of the King's messengers in uniform, so she trembled a bit while reading its contents. It was a summons to cross the river in three days' time, and forthwith to appear before the King to receive her reward.

When Christiana knew, therefore, that her time was come, and that she was to be the first of the Pilgrim Party to cross the river, she went to the Commissioner, and showed him the telegram. He said he was heartily glad, for her sake, and must congratulate her upon her promotion to glory. "Would she like an Army funeral?" he asked. "Not altogether," she answered; for she said she had only helped a bit at Vanity Fair, and one or two other places, and was not entitled to the honor. As was, for instance, Capt. Love-lamb, or even little Tiny Tim. "Howovor," said the Commissioner, "we will all march you down to the river side, when the time comes."

So when the day appointed was come, she called her comrades and children together, and gave them her parting blessing, especially to Eva, whom she kissed oftener than the rest. Then she said to Mr. Truth, "Sir, you have shown yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life. I would ask you to give an eye to my children, and if at any time you see them a bit weary in well-doing, remind them of this parting, and the promises they have made to meet me again."

Then she said to Mr. Honest: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! May you get a fair day when you set out for Zion, and get over the river dryshod." For herself she said, "Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for whether the tide is high or low, I shall have time enough, when I get over, to rest, or dry my clothes!"

She had a word of farewell for every one of her comrades, and even sent a message to General Booth, through his Commissioner. "Tell him," she said, "that the number of Salvationists who are not Salvationists is far greater than those who are; and that the good he has done indirectly is far more than the good he has done directly, great as this is. And you can add that I leave my children, trusting they will become officers in his Army, since I have no higher ambition for them."

Then we formed in marching order, and, singing the hymn she always loved, "Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!" accompanied her down to the River Bank. Leaving everything behind, she entered the waters with a smile, saying, "I will love Thee in life; I will love Thee in death!" These were the last words she was heard to say.

So the angels that awaited her on the other side led her up to the Golden Gate, and from thence

Into the Presence of the King.

At her departure, her children wept for a time, but afterwards glorified God, as did the others, for the grace that enabled them to say, "Thy will be done."

After this, the summons came for Capt. Love-lamb, and, a few minutes later, for little Tiny Tim, who, on hearing of it, actually threw away his crutch, and walked without it! "Hallelujah!" said he; "a thousand hallelujahs! for my prayers are answered. I prayed that we should go together: now kind of the King to grant my request!"

"We must give them an Army "We must give THEM an Army funeral!" said Commissioner Pearson, "and no mistake." And he laid his plans, and arranged it all, without a hitch, or a yard of crape!

There were the flags and banners; there was the Army brass band; the war chariat, and the carriage that followed behind. Then that wonderful march, eight abreast—where did they all come from?

Then the Funeral Service from the Orders and Regulations for Field Officers; then the testimonies of many, but especially the two who addressed their comrades this side of the river for the last time. These were touching words; words of thankfulness and love, that deserve to be recorded, but space forbids. "Let us have the last wave offering!" said little Tiny Tim, who said in the same breath, "Has anybody picked up my crutch?—now I miss it." But they handed him a "War Cry," and he waved that instead. Then this service came to an end, for after seeing the two enter the river, hand in hand, we formed in line again, and marched back.

A few days afterwards it was reported that old Mr. Honest had got a telegram from the King, and on inquiry it was found to be quite true. So he called to his comrades, and said to them, "I have nothing to leave for you but love, so shall make no will. For unbelievers and others to wrangle over. As for my honesty, it shall go with me, so if any heirs may appear at any time you may let them know."

The day when he was to cross the river it was high; but one, Sergt. Good-Conscience, happened to meet him there, and so helped him over. His last words to those he left behind were, "At eventide it shall be light."

The next one to receive a Royal Telegram was Mr. Truth. It read thus:—"Your pitcher is broken at the well: in twenty-four hours we shall see each other face to face." When he made it out—for it was written in the language of heaven, which is neither English, Latin or Greek—he called for his friends and told them of it. He said, "I am going to my Father's, and although with great difficulty I have got thus far, yet I do not now repent that I started, nor that, having started, I endured to the end. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me, and my courage and skill to him who shall, by faith, receive the same. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought the battle for Him Who will now reward me."

Many accompanied him to the River—for he got an Army funeral, too—and as he stepped in he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" and, as he went war chariot, and the carriage that down deeper, he said,

"Grave, Where is Thy Victory?"

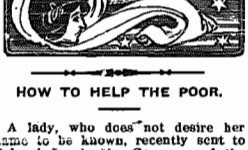
So he passed over; and those who waited heard the band of music that met him on the other side.

In the course of a week or two the summons arrived for Mr. Stand-fast. Then he called for the Commissioner and said, "Although it was not my privilege to be much in your company, yet I have learnt to love you, and shall miss you, though it be for a short time only. I left behind me a wife and five small children. Let me beg you on your return (for you will probably conduct many other pilgrims here), to send and let them know what has happened to me. It should comfort their hearts, and it may be, with God's blessing, the means of prompting them to follow me, even as Christiana followed her husband."

When Mr. Stand-Fast went down to the river-side there was a great calm, and the river was low. So when he was half-way in he stood awhile and spoke to his companions on the bank. "This river has been a terror to many, and to myself," he said, "but now I stand at ease, my feet being on a rock. I am going to see the head that was crowned with thorns, and the face that was spat upon for me. I have hitherto lived by faith, now I shall live by sight, in His presence. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there have I tried to set my foot, too. He has loved me, and kept me; my steps has He ordered. Glory be to His name!" Now while he was speaking, his countenance changed, and, in a moment, he was gone.

As for Christiana's children, I did not remain to see them go over, but have an idea that they volunteered for special foreign service in God's Salvation Army. At all events there was a great beating of drums and blasting of cornets somewhere—as I awoke.

W. R. P.



HOW TO HELP THE POOR.

A lady, who does not desire her name to be known, recently sent to Colonel Lamb, the Governor of the Farm Colony, £5, with a request that it should be used by him, as he thought best, in helping a deserving case.

The only stipulation she made was that the person helped should agree to repay it on terms which the lady left to the Governor's judgment. Would he kindly let her know how he proposed to use it? Of course the Colonel would. He used it as follows:

The £5 was entered in the Colony Ledger as a special bequest, and the first person helped by it was a Colonist, who, after a stay of eighteen months, was enabled to get a situation in London with a monthly salary. He wanted a few articles of clothing badly, and must have money to live the first month before he could draw his first money.

What a help did the £5 prove! For four weeks the sum of fifteen shillings was sent to the comrade re-starting life. The balance was spent in making him presentable for his new situation, and with the first week in December he started to repay the loan so providentially provided. Thus the original sum will revert to the Colony coffers. And then another deserving case will have the use of it, and so in perpetuity the name of the kindly donor will be held in grateful remembrance by the recipients of her bounty.

The money thus donated is known as "The —— Bequest."

"Held for Nobody."

SCENE I.

It was a bitterly cold nigh.. Snow, crisp and hard, covered the ground. The stars shone with great brilliance, and the wind, blowing round the corner, seemed to go like a knife through the handful of Salvationists that stood at the corner. There was nobody else in sight. It was as if the songs and testimonies were being given in vain; unless, indeed, they penetrated through the closed doors and windows of the houses in the street, and reached the ears of the people seated cosily before their firesides.

Now and then a few passers-by hurried along, never giving the soldiers a glance, though they may have thought, "What fools those people are, to stand there on a night like this, with no one to listen to them!"

Two or three testimonies were given, and then a sister stepped into the ring and sang:

"Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above;
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love."

A few minutes later they marched away to the barracks. As far as they could see, their words and songs were in vain; but they had done their duty, and left the rest in God's hands.

SCENE II.

It was a fortnight afterwards. The Sunday afternoon free-and-easy meeting was in full swing. The hall was nicely full, and everybody enjoying the meeting. Several soldiers had testified to God's goodness to them, when a note was handed to the Captain. It was from a woman in the back of the hall, who evidently did not know the Army, for she asked if she might speak.

The Captain, of course, said "Yes," and she stood up. At first she could do nothing but cry, but at last she controlled herself, and told the following story:

"I am a deserted wife. My husband and I used to drink and quarrel, and at length he left me. I had no money, and was in a destitute condition. A fortnight back, I was sitting in my cold room, wondering what to do next. I was in despair. However, a voice reached me. I listened. It sang:

"'Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful peace from above;
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.'"

Peace! Ah, she was a stranger to peace!

But that song touched her heart, and she knelt down in her cheerless room, asking God to pardon her sins, and give her His peace. And, hallelujah! He did. She rose from her knees a new woman.

Next day she obtained work, and as soon as she had enough money she bought herself some decent clothes, and came to the Army to tell them how God had used the sister's solo to save her soul.

That woman is now a soldier of the Salvation Army; and none loves the open-air work more than she, for she remembers that open-air meeting "held for nobody," when God led her to Himself and happiness.—L. E. M. D.

Build new domes of thought in your mind and presently you will find that instead of your finding the eternal life the eternal life has found you!

Be ashamed of nothing on earth except poor work, which is a thing to be ashamed of. Select whatever you are best fitted for, and train yourself to thoroughness in that line.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

WAR CRY — BLOOD AND FIRE — SALVATION ARMY — EVANGELINE BOOTH, COMMISSIONER.

Printed for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

All manuscript, (written matter intended for publication) can be sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces, if enclosed in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

AN ORDER TO MOBILIZE ALL TROOPS.

THE SIEGE OF 1902

Will begin Sunday, February 16th, and conclude on Good Friday (March 28th).

EVERY WARRIOR SHOULD BE FULLY EQUIPPED AND PROVIDED WITH AMPLE AMMUNITION FOR UNITED ACTION.

Editorial.

Improved Training.

The scheme for a new system of training our officers, laid down in another article on this page, will meet with hearty approval everywhere, and any disadvantage in the way of travelling expenses from the distant Provinces will be ten-fold outweighed by the advantages gained in the better equipment of cadets for service. The Salvation Army must be progressive, and in order to keep up with the general advances of the times, it is absolutely necessary that our future officers be thoroughly trained. Every candidate will readily see the advantage of the scheme, and realize that the position of an S. A. officer is one of increasing importance and usefulness. The Army's greatest triumphs lie by no means in the past. Conquests hitherto not attempted will be the order of the day in the future, and for that time the Army will prepare its cadets in the Training Home.

The Siege.

The Commissioner has decided upon the dates of the Siege, and also fully outlined its program. The Siege will open by a week's exhaustive and systematic visitation of the houses in every place where an Army corps is located. This will be followed by two weeks' desperate soul-saving efforts, a two weeks' campaign in the interest of the Juniors' work, and a week of soldier-making, concluding with a universal enrolment of soldiers on Good Friday, the day of all days, calling for warriors of the Bleeding Lamb to take the place of Him Who gave His life that a world might be saved from eternal ruin. The past Sieges have accomplished most gratifying results; last year no less than one-third of all soldiers made in twelve months were made during the Siege. Everything is already preparing for a successful Siege. Revivals are breaking out in the most unlikely quarters, and indications of the approach of a great harvest of souls are not missing. Let us strike the iron while it is hot.

IMPORTANT.

The Chief Secretary is anxious to have the names of all Salvationists in the Territory holding 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class teachers' certificates. Whether officers or soldiers, if you hold such, kindly communicate at once, with Col. Jacobs, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

It is easy to be liberal with what you do not own.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AT THE TEMPLE

Splendid Opening of Revival Campaign with 31 Souls for Sunday.

We have had a remarkable start to our thirteen days' special revival campaign. We had magnificent congregations yesterday (Sunday), and great interest was manifested. Best of all, we had 31 seekers, 25 of them being for the pardon of their sins. We wound up at a late hour under the flag 'midst great rejoicings. A number of those converted have pledged to become soldiers. Great triumphs are ahead of us.

A number of the Territorial Staff rendered valuable and liberal assistance.—Temple Soldier.

NEW GLASGOW NEWS.

The Eastern Revival Continues.

(By Wire.)

New Glasgow visited by Brigadier Sharp and Chancellor. A triumphant and inspiring series of meetings. Rejoice over twenty seekers and seven recruits enrolled. Excellent crowds and good collections.—Adjt. S. Wiggins.

MONTREAL NEWS.

(Special.)

Soul-stirring times at Montreal I. yesterday. Thrilling addresses by Major Galt and Major Turner. Touching farewell of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt. Mighty conviction. Visible results: 12 souls, some excellent cases. Glory to God! Magnificent crowds.—E. W. Owen, Capt.

THE HARMONICS AT DESERONTO.

(By Wire.)

Visit of Harmonic Revivalists to Deseronto, a "Hard Go," was a great blessing. Town at last moved by power of God. Most remarkable revival for years. Barracks was gorged, penitents coming from all parts of the building, old and young. Many touching scenes; father, mother, and son at Mercy Seat, also a backslider of fifteen years returned. Nineteen hundred people at meetings. Sixty-one out for salvation. Biggest march ever known—four deep—stirred town. Belleville comrades assisted at wind-up. Finances good. Napanee next.—Fred Bloss.

GLACE BAY'S NEW CITADEL.

(By Wire.)

Visit of P. O. and Chancellor to Cape Breton District resulted in grand meetings. Tremendous crowds attended, and thirty seekers came forward. Opening of Glace Bay new Citadel splendid success. Over two hundred dollars income. D. O., officers, and soldiers on fire for God and souls.—J. S. McLean.

Territorial Newslets

Major Collier, late Assistant General Secretary, has been appointed to assist the Chief Secretary, whose hands at present are more than full. The Major will prove a valuable acquisition to the Chief Secretary's Staff. Staff-Capt. Harry Morris will be Assistant General Secretary, and by the time this reaches our readers, will have been installed in his new position.

But there are other changes in the Headquarters' Staff. Staff-Captain Frank Morris has been appointed Sub-Editor. He is not a stranger to the Editorial Department, having once been a member of it. Ensign Arnold will be Cashier.

We are pleased to see Adjt. Adams back to the office in improved health. He is at present assisting Staff-Capt. Creighton with the accounts.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass have been appointed Chancellors of the C.O.P., made vacant by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon's being set apart for the new Training system. We congratulate our comrades on their important appointment.

Ensign Williams, of the Eastern Province, and his daughter Ethel, are seriously ill with typhoid fever. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Williams, and earnestly pray for the speedy recovery of our dear comrades.

Ensign Minnie Green passed through Toronto, on her way to the North-West, last week. The Ensign is much improved in health.

Staff-Capt. Burditt, the newly-appointed Spiritual Special, will enter upon his new work on the 16th inst., visiting Orangeville. Owen Sound will follow. May a harvest of souls be the result of the special campaigns.

We understand that Capt. Trickey, of the C.O.P., has been set apart as an assistant to Staff-Capt. Burditt.

A change of officers will take place in the C.O.P. about the 19th inst.

Huntsville has just formed a brass band, consisting of eight instrumentalists. This is a good start. Greater things ahead, we are sure.

Brigadier Pickering and Staff-Capt. Stanyon spent last Sunday at Yorkville, and were deeply gratified with the condition of the corps. Our numbers are swelling at Yorkville.

Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Manton have had a magnificent week-end at the Temple, thirty-two souls having sought salvation and the blessing of a clean heart. Even greater things are anticipated, for truly a revival wave is sweeping over the Temple corps.

THE WEEK.

Canadian Cuttings.

Laval University, Montreal, will celebrate its golden jubilee in June next.

The offer of five nurses from Canada for South Africa, has been accepted by the War Office.

The War Office has ordered 1,000 tons of flour from the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

The shipments of Canadian cattle and sheep from Portland last year were nearly three times the number of the previous year.

It is reported that the Manitoba Government contemplates adopting the Gothenburg system in preference to the prohibition law.

The C.P.R. roundhouse, at Owen Sound, was wrecked by an explosion of acetylene gas, and one of the employees, Thomas Gordon, was very seriously injured.

American Items.

A drastic Chinese exclusion act has been prepared by the representatives of the Pacific States at Washington.

The Y.M.C.A., of New York, will erect an hotel building for their own use at a cost of $675,000.

Three children were burned to death in a fire at Buffalo.

A locomotive explosion, at Macon, Ga., killed five men and injured twelve.

A Baltimore & Ohio train jumped the track at Glencoe, Pa., killing two men and injuring seventeen.

Chinese merchants in the United States have presented a petition to the Chinese Court, complaining against the exclusion act, and the indignities to which immigrants are subjected.

A Russian Jew, named H. Stavinsky, was arrested on Saturday night at St. Albans, Vt., on suspicion of smuggling diamonds, and when he was searched $55,000 worth were found sewed up in his undershirt. He was on his way from Montreal to New York.

International Intelligence.

Scotland is suffering from heavy floods, and the shepherds have lost many flocks.

The new postage stamps, bearing the King's head, have been issued in England.

King Edward has conferred the order of the Knight Grand Cross of the Bath upon Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman.

The district of Bangor, North Wales, is again under military control, on account of riots between strikers and workers at the Bethesda quarries.

The Admiralty has invited bids for two battleships of 16,500 tons each, five armored first-class cruisers and two protected cruisers.

Sir Ernest Cassel has placed £200,000 in the hands of the King, which His Majesty has decided to devote to the erection of a consumptive sanitarium in England.

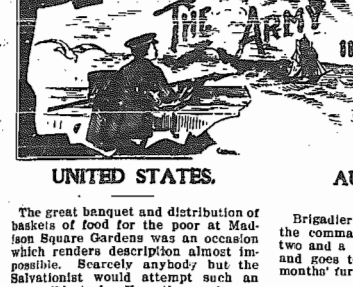
Boers ambushed a party of Scots Greys on Saturday, about forty miles east of Pretoria, killing six and wounding thirteen.

The Libertador has landed a revolutionary force with arms and ammunition in Venezuela.

The emigration from the United Kingdom last year was 302,848, an increase of 4,287 over the preceding year.

Venezuela's fleet is in a bad condition. It has no coal, and the machinery on the warships is out of order.

Life is a race—not for a silver cup, but for character—that is the goal. The prize is heaven, but the race must always be run, and life, to many, is outward defeat, and to a larger number inward defeat.—January Ladies' Home Journal.



UNITED STATES.

The great banquet and distribution of baskets of food for the poor at Madison Square Gardens was an occasion which renders description almost impossible. Scarcely anybody but the Salvationist would attempt such an impossible task. Four thousand men, women, and children were sumptuously entertained, and four thousand five hundred baskets of food, packed for a family of five, were distributed; thus over twenty-six thousand hearts were gladdened at Christmastide. This feasting was duplicated in many cities throughout the United States.

The Consul, with the Continental Campaigners, was enthusiastically received at San Francisco. Big crowds attended Saturday night's soldiers' congress, which ended with a great victory. The McDonough Theatre, Oakland, was filled at each meeting on Sunday. The week-end's engagements resulted in forty-eight captures.

Washington was recently visited by the Commander. Despite torrents of incessant rain, the meetings in the Columbia Opera House were well attended. Seven souls boldly sought God.

Major Ludgate was a participant in the danger attending the passengers in the smash-up upon the Erie Railroad, when a mass of rock fell from the tunnel, near Jersey City, upon the locomotive, causing it to completely "turn turtle," and piling the first car across the locomotive. The engineer and fireman were seriously scalded and taken to a hospital. One man cut himself with broken glass. Everybody was more or less thrown about the cars, cut, bruised, and hurt in various degrees. The Major, ever unmindful of himself, proceeded through the wrecked car inquiring for those who needed "first aid" assistance. It was not until evening that he gave a thought to himself, when he was forced to do so, by the pains which attacked him. We regret to say, in addition to one eye being swollen and bloodshot, the Major has suffered internal injuries which give him pain whether standing or lying. We trust the skill of the medical man, with God's blessing, will bring him through all right.

The many friends of Major Kimball will regret to learn that his dear mother has been snatched away by the hand of death. The aged saint had a triumphant finish upon earth.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Our honored General is in excellent health, and so is the Chief of the Staff. We doubt if any more energetic or hard-working men, in the interests of humanity, could be found anywhere.

The Chief of the Staff's contributions to the Army's various Christmas periodicals and pamphlets amount, in words, well on to 20,000.

The Christmas number of the English War Cry is a distinct success in point of design and matter. The articles are well illustrated, and it is seldom that such a first-class collection of original matter is seen in a single issue of any paper, at the price of two cents. Special contributions from the General, the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner ...col, and others, appear in this special issue.

A picture of the British Commissioner (Coombs) makes an appropriate supplement.

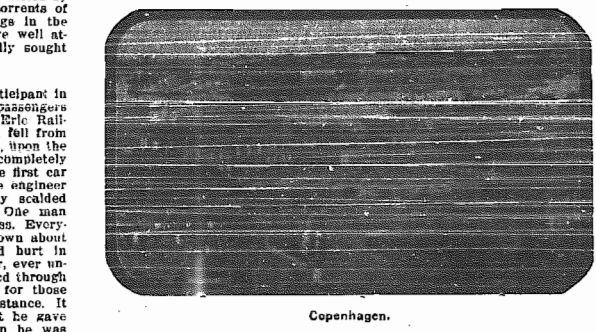
AUSTRALASIA.

Brigadier Glover, who has been in the command of West Australia for two and a half years, has farewelled, and goes to New Zealand on a two months' furlough.

Brigadier Graham, for nearly two years the Territorial Junior Candidates' Secretary, has been appointed to the command of West Australia.

Brigadier Leigh, late A.D.C. to the Commandant, has been chosen as Brigadier Graham's successor.

The reception accorded Commissioner and Mrs. McKie was a gigantic affair. The great Town Hall witnessed a magnificent gathering at the welcome meeting, which was hearty and enthusiastic. The Exhibition Building was used for the Sunday's campaign, which resulted in one hundred and eleven souls coming forward. Commissioner and Mrs. McKie have been received with love and affection, and their term of command in Australasia gives promise of some mighty triumphs.



Copenhagen.

NORWAY.

Brigadier Lee, our Chief Secretary in Norway, has lost his beloved partner. She seems to have succumbed to that scourge which counts its victims by the tens of thousands in this country alone—tuberculosis.

SWEDEN.

Commissioner Macalonan has only been three months in Swedon, but he has already made his first public speech in the language of his adopted country. It was in a Sunday afternoon meeting, at Kristianstad. Using no notes, he spoke for some six minutes "out of the fulness of his vocabulary," and the people were much pleased.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

When visiting from door to door some months ago, a couple of our slum officers found a respectable family in circumstances of the deepest poverty. An old lady was in bed very ill, and was waited upon by her daughter, whose husband was out of work.

Needless to say, the Salvationists were welcomed, and that home was the better for their coming. The washed the old lady, fetched her dainty and nourishing food, encouraged and helped her daughter to clean the apartment, and what was to the poor invalid the very cream of kindness, wrapped her cold feet in cotton wool.

"Ah," she would croon, as she settled back on the pillow the Salvationist had shaken up and turned for her, "Just to think, now! Fancy you dear, bonnie ladies coming from the fresh air into my dirty, stinking room, and then taking the trouble to wash me, and nurse me, and—and wrap my feet in cotton wool; I never heard of such kindness before. Oh, I do love you!"

And then the poor soul began to cry softly, as she thought of her inability to make any return for all this love.

But this poor lady, although she was very old and frail, and had been very ill, did not die. She improved under the kindly attention of the Slum Sisters, and the first thing she did, when able to get up, was to take the cotton wool and the bandages given her by the officer, and carefully put them away in a box, perhaps beside her wedding dress, for all we know. Anyhow she expressed her intention of keeping these things to her dying day, as a precious memento of help and sympathy freely given.

She now regularly attends the meetings at the little slum corps close by her home; and we have every reason to believe that her name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life.—Social Gazette.

A MODERN MAGDALENE

One morning the warden of a Salvation Army Rescue Home, in London, received a wire asking that an officer might be sent to fetch a destitute woman and her three children from a certain suburb. It was rather a big order, but a Lieutenant was instantly despatched. Some hours later the officer returned, bringing with her a young woman, aged about twenty-seven, whose condition was simply deplorable. With her three illegitimate children, who accompanied her to the Home, she had been living in a wretched hovel, containing practically no furniture, and earning a livelihood by step-cleaning and charing.

It was, indeed, a desperate case. The woman was absolutely destitute, and for only one of the three children she was in receipt of ten shillings a month. The poor creature was intensely fond of her children, however; so fond, indeed, that the officers ultimately decided that it would be wrong to separate her from the two eldest, although they had arranged to send these to a friend in Canada.

The mother got saved; and, after several months' training in the Home, was sent out to service as a cook. As for the children, they are being provided for, and very carefully brought up. And with such industry and ability does this now happy mother fulfil her duties, that the Superintendent of the Home received, a few weeks back, letters from two friends of the lady in whose service this woman is, begging the warden to find a couple of similar servants for them.

New Training System.

Of Importance to Every Candidate.

Ever since the Commissioner has been in the country she has given much of her thought and time to the improving of the system of training our officers. That she is eminently qualified to evolve an efficient scheme of training will be questioned by no one who knows that Miss Booth came to this country after having had charge, for some considerable time, of the International Training Homes, of London, England. However, many of her excellent plans with regard to the training of officers in this Territory have hitherto been prevented from being carried out on account of other more urgent matters claiming her time and attention, as well as the insufficiency of our funds available for that purpose. However, the time has now come that Miss Booth can see her way of obtaining the necessary funds to carry out her scheme.

After this, all Candidates for training, from every part of the Field, will come to Toronto. Arrangements have been made to aid, to some extent, those Cadets who come from a great distance, and are unable to entirely defray the heavy traveling expenses. There will be two annual sessions of five months each, one to commence on the 1st of February, and the other on the 1st of September, with the suspension of training operations during the months of July and August. This will enable the Cadets to begin all courses of instruction together. Furthermore, the Training Home will be quite independent of corps, to which Training Garrisons have been hitherto attached. There will be no corps responsibility whatever attached to the officers in charge of the Home, who will devote their entire time to the Cadets.

The Commissioner has appointed two widely-known and proved officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon, as the Principals. At present the Cadets will go to two buildings that are available for this purpose, but the Commissioner has a tangible scheme under consideration to unite the Training Homes for men and women under the roof of one building. This scheme, however, has not sufficiently advanced at present to allow us to make any further comments.

The above plan of training was laid, by the Commissioner, before the Provincial Officers, during the October Councils, 1901, and received their most hearty and unreserved approval, and, no doubt, every officer and candidate will be delighted with the new arrangement, the advantages of which are very great and so apparent.

The first session under the new system will commence on February 1st, next.

West Ontario Province.

MAJOR McMILLAN.

Will visit Galt, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan. 18, 19, 20; Berlin, Tues., Jan. 21; Hespeler, Wed., Jan. 22; Guelph, Thurs., Jan. 23; Drayton, Fri., Jan. 24; Palmerston, Sat., Sun., Jan. 25, 26; Listowel, Mon., Jan. 27; Stratford, Tues., Jan. 28.

STAFF-CAPT. RAWLING

Galt, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Jan. 18, 19, 20; Berlin, Tues., Jan. 21; Hespeler, Wed., Jan. 22; Guelph, Thurs., Jan. 23; Drayton, Fri., Jan. 24; Palmerston, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 25, 26; Listowel, Mon., Jan 27; Stratford, Tues., Jan. 28.

WEST ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING TROUPE'S APPOINTMENTS.

Chatham, Jan. 31 to Feb. 10; Dresden, Feb. 11 to 20; Wallaceburg, Feb. 21 to March 3; Petrolia, March 4 to 13; Sarnia, March 14 to 24; Strathroy, March 25 to April 3.

Belleville Blazings.

A Salvation Wave Sweeps Over the Place—Mighty Outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The Harmonic Revivalists have just spent a week at Belleville. Those who know this place of late years, know it as a hard go. Like the most of the corps in Canada, it had a mighty awakening some sixteen years ago, and traces can be seen of it to-day. The corps, however, got down, and it has been a hard fight since. But to-day all is changed.

The officers in charge, Ensign Comstock and Lieut. Stata, were asked how this revival began. The Ensign said she did not know, only that right from their reception into the place, some six weeks ago, eight souls sought pardon, and others have kept coming. The officers then being asked to hold a cottage meeting, went and held one. Forty-three people attended, packing the house, standing two deep. Nine out of this number sought God. Then the officers held a meeting at a sick person's house, and there a lady 60 years of age, also young men, young women, boys and girls sought the forgiveness of their sins. So the revival preceded us.

Our Eight Days' Campaign.

Attendance to our indoor meetings, nearly 1,400.

Open-air attendance, 266.

Souls out for salvation, 30.

Souls out for sanctification, 31.

These figures speak for themselves, when marches in the past have been down to four and six. We hope that this will continue, and Belleville will not take a back seat with any city corps.

Staff-Capt. Burditt spent a week-end with us, and we were all so pleased to see him. Friday night we announced that we would have three hours at the cross. The officers from Trenton were over to see us, and I tell you we had a good time. The Staff-Captain met converts and soldiers in the Junior hall (which numbered forty-five) and his talk was very inspiring and encouraging. We then assembled in the auditorium; Ensign Bloss gave out a song, in which all joined heartily. Captains Wilson and Grose spoke on consecration. The Staff-Captain selected a pointed Bible text. "We must obey the call. Seek to know the will of God concerning us, and then go on in spite of opposition," said the Staff-Captain. "How watchful God is! What a chance we have." He pressed all this home to the people, and twenty-five surrendered to God.

Preaching Christ to the Multitudes.

"There is a better world, they say," rang out in clear tones in the frosty atmosphere, on the Market Square, while the people were buying their turkey for Christmas, but they stopped to listen to our music, songs, and testimonies. Four open-airs were held. At the night meeting we had a splendid crowd. The Staff-Captain's subject was "Dyed Garments," which was handled in a masterly way. Mrs. Ensign Bloss spoke very effectively. The H. R. String Band played, Ensign and Mrs. Bloss sang, and the Staff-Captain read the 63rd chapter of Isaiah. The character of Jesus Christ and His ability to save was clearly shown by the Staff-Captain, and that night it was verified in the life of many precious souls.

Sunday, a Mighty day—18 Seekers.

The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a searching time. Ensign Bloss led testimonies, Capt. Grose spoke, and Capt. Bloss solved "The lesson of Peter," while Staff-Captain read the lesson. He said, "There is no chance work with a man who serves God. Peter came away from the shore and launched out, and God made him a fisher of men."

Old veterans spoke of the goodness of God in the afternoon meeting. One of these was of 53 years' standing, another of 48 years'. (Bro. Becker). Three recruits were enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag. Ensign Bloss brought the meeting to a close.

Sunday night was the fitting climax. Mrs. Ensign Bloss spoke earnestly of the necessity of preparing. Staff-Captain took for his subject, "Wrecked outside the golden gate." A large audience assembled to hear the Staff-Captain, and he grasped his opportunity, and held the people spell-bound. It seemed they were rivetted to their seats, as they saw their condition before God, and knew if they didn't get right, they would be wrecked outside of the golden gate. A red-hot prayer meeting was conducted by Ensign Bloss. What a sight! Father and son greeting each other at the penitent form. Thirteen sought God. We had a happy wind-up in the way of a march round the barracks.

The Revivalists wound up at Belleville on Wednesday night; forty-one soldiers on the march and the hall packed. We had announced a musicale, and the people appreciated it very much. At the close of the meeting an elderly man and two others came out and sought God. Ensign Comstock, Lieut. Stata and Mary were exceedingly kind in supplying our needs. God bless Belleville corps and officers.—Capt. Bloss, Cor.

Butte's Beautitudes.

Christmas has come and gone, but the beautiful and impressive services held in commemoration of the event will long be remembered as a green, lovely spot in memory's records.

Ever since the song which broke the stillness of Judean plains, and fell upon the untutored ears of the watching shepherds, 1900 years ago, celebrated the natal born of a new religion, the world had outgrown the new religion as a child outgrows its first clothes. The time had come for a new and nearer conception of man's relations with the Father and His followers, and Christ was born. A song from on high was put into the heart of man, and inspired by a force or impulse stronger than himself, man began the attempt to give the song utterance. Some false notes have been given off, and the singing has sometimes missed the spirit of the song for mechanical and ceremonial effects; but steadily, century by century, it has grown fuller and sweeter, as he tried to climb nearer the Christ ideal.

Never before, in the history of Butte, were such grand and elaborate preparations made to do honor to the new-born King. Merchants, as well as private citizens, gave their money and goods unsparingly, each vieing with his neighbor as to who could do the most good to the greatest number. The city authorities caught the inspiration, and purchased 2,000 lbs. of turkey, and a barrel of cranberries, which they ordered delivered to the poor on Christmas Eve. The admiration of the widows and orphans was unbounded; they clapped their hands and shouted for joy, and would not have been more surprised had the millenium as suddenly dawned on Christendom.

In order to give the Juniors an opportunity to see and participate in the festivities at their homes, and that of their neighbors, Adjt. Stevens conceived the happy idea of deferring the distribution of presents from the Army tree until the Friday evening after Christmas. A program consisting of recitations, and vocal and instrumental music had been arranged for the occasion, and long before the appointed time for the commencement of the service, the large barracks was filled by Butte's representative citizens—so full that even standing room was at a premium. The program was carried out to perfection. The Juniors and all those who took part in the evening's entertainment acquitted themselves with honor and a credit to the Army.

At the conclusion of the Juniors' part of the program, Adjt. Stevens arose, and in her usual delightful way, explained the Army's interest in the welfare of the little ones, and indulged the hope that they would grow up good members of society, and that sobriety, honest, and virtue, would be the crowning jewels of their lives.

Santa Claus, who was personated by one of the soldiers, then made his appearance and distributed the presents to the people. The tree was beautifully decorated, and fairly groaned under its load of presents, many of them being quite valuable.

The Anaconda Standard, the leading newspaper of the State, in speaking of the dinner given to the inmates of the Rescue Home of the Army, on Christmas Day, says:

"The Salvation Army, that unostentatious and unpretentious body of sincere Christian workers in Butte, was not idle yesterday. The good ladies composing the little band of Rescue and Christian helpers have been collecting donations from charitably-disposed citizens, and yesterday the fruits of their endeavors were spread before the eyes of the little children at the Rescue Home, where a tree had been decorated in a charming way. There were useful presents, clothes, dolls, and other little things which children dream about in the days of their infantile fancies, and the few who were in attendance to witness the presentations were as delighted as the children were. None were more grateful than the ladies of the Army, who felt that they had, indeed, performed a Christian duty.

"The tree was beautifully decorated and after all the recipients had retired from the room a bountiful repast was served in the dining-room. There was displayed as tempting a feast as one could wish to partake of, and the children, and the women who are being cared for by the Salvation Army, enjoyed the dinner greatly. It was a feast bestowed upon a deserving few by a worthy few."

The Christmas War Cry arrived in due time, and are all sold, the number sent being insufficient to supply the demand. "What a splendid issue!" was the verdict of the reading public. Yes, indeed; it was "a splendid issue," its typographical appearance and general make-up being models of excellence and beauty.

The Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees ordered one dozen copies of the Christmas Cry for the use of the railroad boys in his lodge.

In a note to the Adjutant, the Secretary says, "Men who can handle a railroad are not averse to reading a good publication like the War Cry."

During the past year the Salvation Army war at Butte has been prosecuted with much vigor, hundreds having been converted, while the prospects for the ensuing year are even more bright and promising. Adjt. Stevens and Capt. Gain are officers of pluck and enterprise, and their good work is being felt and appreciated by the public. God bless them.—Jno. McDonald.

BELL BRIGADE AT BRACEBRIDGE.

Hand-Bell Ringers to the Front.

Well, dear War Cry, I must tell you what a time we had. Oh, what a crowd! The hall was filled before we went on the march. Oh, that open-air! The crowd old drink in the words of the different comrades and the songs of the Brigade. The barracks was packed completely when we returned from the march, and people were turned away. It was the greatest crowd which we have had for years. The Brigade's playing and singing took the crowd by storm, and, best of all, the presence of God filled the place from start to finish. The devil tried to defeat us, but our God had His way. It was a hard fight and a desperate effort, but the devil was defeated. Glory be to God! Three precious souls were swept into the cleansing stream.

What about the second night? Well, we had a full house again, people sitting on windows and every available place. Now, dear War Cry, I would just like to tell you that the Hand-Bell Ringers are an up-to-date Brigade and they came to an up-to-date town. I would also like to say that we top the list, both for crowds and finances, which amounted to $59, and I can assure you we will do better next time. A hearty welcome awaits the Hand-Bell Ringers at Bracebridge, and not only the soldiers say "Come again," but I believe we can speak for the whole town.—One Who Saw.

Human beings need the sunshine as much as plants do. Don't be afraid of its causing freckles, for we have the best of authority that it does not do anything of the kind.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

A BUSY CHRISTMAS AT WINNIPEG.

"Granny Jones'" Cottage—Annual Christmas Dinner—Twelve Hundred Meals Given.

For a week previous to Christmas Day, busy hands and brains were at work preparing for the various phases of the Christmas effort. The decoration brigade, led by Sec. Herringshaw and Treas. Mitchell, were at work all hours, and did their part well, which, in fact, was true of all those who assumed responsibility—whether in cooking turkeys, peeling potatoes or turnips, delivering baskets, visiting poor families, and so on. It would take too much space to mention all, but in the book of remembrance up yonder, it is all down, and will be accounted to those who did their respective duties so well.

The substitution of "Granny Jones'" cottage for a Christmas tree was a novel idea, and the 200 youngsters or so present—and 300 or 400 adults—gave vent to their exultation as Santa Claus came tumbling down the chimney, causing "Granny" and "Teddy" to rush out of the house in alarm.

The next day—being the day before Christmas—Mrs. Brigadier Southall, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, Adjt. Kerr, and their assistants, were busy filling the oyster pails with vegetables, assigning meats, bread, mince pie, nuts, candies, apples, etc., etc., to the various baskets, according to the size of families. The Brigadier superintended the despatching of the same.

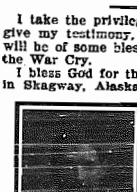
The services rendered by the following are worthy of recognition, and much appreciated: Sergt. Galloway, who visited poor families in different parts of the city (as did also Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Augustus Fuller); Sergt. Ferguson, who acted as butcher and carver, and also provided a rig for delivering; Adjutant and Mrs. Wakefield, for assistance in preparing and cooking poultry; Captains Cain and Glover and Rescue Staff, for cooking mince pies, and several others, from the Provincial Staff down to the converts of the night before.

As to the dinner at the Citadel the press reports, which appeared in last issue, give an excellent idea.

FOUND THE SAVIOUR IN ALASKA.

I take the privilege afforded me to give my testimony, and pray that it will be of some blessing to readers of the War Cry.

I bless God for the Salvation Army in Skagway, Alaska. When I first met them I saw their whole life and business was to preach Christ to sinful men, and to help them to get into the path of honor, truth and light. I could not at all believe them at first, but after I had attended one meeting, I went again the next day, and the next, until at last I came to the conclusion that the Army people were true Christians. They were a self-denying lot, and though beaten and persecuted, they smiled and prayed for those who ill-treated them. This won my hard heart and made my soul also very miserable. It was then I prayed to God. He heard me and saved me. I thank Him with all my heart for saving me from darkness and sin, when I was ignorant of Jesus' love. He brought me out of darkness into light. I shall ever have cause to praise God for the 20th of January, 1901, the day on which I was saved. The past year has been a year of great blessing to my soul. I am one of four soldiers employed on the White Pass and Yukon Railway, at Bennett, B.C., and though we cannot go to meetings often, we keep well saved. The officers are doing good work. The Lord has made them a blessing to many.—Bro. Beck.



An important strike of oil in Egypt is reported.

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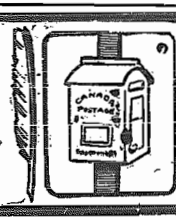


Ten Sought Salvation.

Arnold's Cove.—The past week has been one of victory. At the out-post ten precious souls sought and found salvation, and conviction was stamped upon the hearts of many more. We believe the seed was sown that will bring forth fruit in the near future. The comrades are full of fire, and quite a number are waiting to be enrolled under the good old Army flag. God bless them!—Lieut. A. Dart.

Three Souls Seek Christ.

Burk's Falls.—Since last report God has been blessing and helping us. On Sunday we were led on by Adjutant Perry. He came filled with the Spirit and God used him and made him a blessing to many. We started off with a rousing knee-drill, where we were equipped for the day's battle. At the holiness meeting God was again with us, and both afternoon and night the meetings were good. As the Adjutant spoke the truth was backed home to many hearts, and before we closed we rejoiced over three souls seeking Christ. We are now looking forward to the visit of the Hand-Bell Ringers. We are also pleased to say the Christmas War Crys were all sold out.—Louie Matthews, Capt.

Returned.

Chatham, N.B.—After an absence of two and a half years, we have returned here again to fight the Lord's battles. Our hearts rejoice to see that the old comrades have been true to God and the Army. God has been helping us. Two souls sought and found pardon recently. We have had a successful visit from our new D.O., Adjt. Byers. Everyone is looking forward to his next visit. Everybody is charmed with the Christmas War Cry, and pronounce it the best yet. No trouble to sell out. They went like hot cakes.—H. Knight, Ensign.

Good Week-End—Seven Souls.

Collingwood.—We have had Adjt. Perry for a week-end. His lantern service, entitled, "A Tragic Ending," was just grand, and the Sunday was beyond description. We opened knee-drill at 7 o'clock in proper shape. The holiness meeting was a rare treat, the Adjutant taking for his lesson Heb. 1, 7. A great many left the meeting resolving to lead a better life. The afternoon march and open-air were good, although the weather was against us. Many windows were thrown open to admit the singing and testimonies. The indoor meeting was a real old-fashioned free-and-easy, and there was deep conviction all over the hall. The night meeting was beyond description. The people came in until every seat was filled. We got others, and at last every available place was filled, and many standing. We even crowded good Father Brown right up on the platform, but in the testimony meeting, when he spoke of a mother's prayers, we felt he was just in his right place. I am sure Bro. Brown's influence in that meeting will not soon be forgotten by the young men assembled. Seven souls sought and found Jesus. On Monday evening Adjt. Perry, Ensign and Mrs. Hanna, the G.B.M. Agent, and eight others, drove over to Stayner, and held a very successful lantern service, also opened up the G.B.M. work in that town.—J. M.

Five at the Mercy Seat.

Dildo.—Sunday was a day of blessing. God came very near. At the night meeting many tears were shed, and five knelt at the Mercy Seat. We have said good-bye to Capt. and Mrs. Janes.—Jim Hillier.

Married on Christmas Day.

Dillon.—We are having victory, and souls are being born into the kingdom. On Christmas Day we had a Hallelujah Wedding. Charles VanCamp, one of our first soldiers, who has lived around Dillon for thirty-five years, and Sister Thelma Alard, who came into our ranks some time ago, were married, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of the M. E. Church. The hall was packed and crowds turned away. At night we had a Christmas Tree, which took the attention of the children. Presents, nuts, candies, and pop-corn were given.—S. M.

Cutting and Drawing Wood.

Drayton.—Christmas War Crys and Young Soldiers are all sold out, and every one was sold in town. We have been to the bush, cutting and drawing our winter's wood, and we praise God for success in getting about fifteen cords of wood for the barracks. Sergt.-Major Scarr did well in drawing the same and getting it to the barracks, while the Captain walked eight miles a day to the bush, did his work and a meeting each night. We are now prepared for the winter weather and looking forward to better times.—H.

An Interesting Service.

Dundas.—On Friday night we had a Christmas Tree, also a Jubilee, by the children, who did well. God bless the Juniors. On Sunday we had beautiful meetings all day. In the afternoon there was a dedication service, which was very interesting. God bless the baby. At night a recruit was enrolled, whom we believe is going to be a blood-and-fire soldier. God bless her.—Cadet L. M. Darch.

A Real Friend.

Freeport, N.S.—Although the devil has been hard at work, God's Spirit has also been working, and on Saturday we had the joy of seeing one precious soul seeking pardon. Many more are under deep conviction, and we are believing for victory in this place. We are very sorry to report the death of Mrs. Titus. Though not a soldier in the Army, she was a real friend and a true Christian. Her husband and son are both soldiers of the corps, and feel deeply the loss of a dear wife and mother, but they have the hope of one day meeting their loved one on the golden shore. We earnestly pray that God will sustain the bereaved, and that those who are unconverted, will, through their dear mother's death, be brought to Christ.—M. E. Winchester, Capt.

Knelt Among the Rocks.

Gooseberry Island.—We are still alive at Gooseberry Island. We had a visit from our D.O., Ensign Sparks, and his brother, the Captain, on their way back from Council at Bonavista. They came full of fire and in good fighting trim. On the night of their arrival we had a double wedding in the barracks. After the couples were married, Captain Sparks sang "I Know He is Mine." After the meeting closed we partook of a wedding supper, which was much enjoyed. One of our soldiers, after being away for some time, has arrived home, full of fire. Much of God's presence was felt in our holiness meeting on Friday night, and after we had closed the meeting, two of our comrades, instead of going home, went up on the hill, knelt down among the rocks, and began to praise God for what He had done for them. We are full of faith for good times in the future.—L. Newman.

A Good Success.

Kinmount.—Our united Christmas demonstration held at Norland was a grand success. Great credit is due the Juniors and J. S. workers, who did their part well. The building was crowded to the doors with a very appreciative audience, representing the different churches in the place. The Rev. Mr. Curts (Methodist) spoke in the meeting, commending us for the excellent program, and wishing us every success in our work. I would also like to mention that the soldiers and friends have put $50 worth of furnishings in the quarters, which is very much prized by the officers. God bless them all for their work and sacrifice.—T. J. M.

Hall Packed.

Lewiston.—On Wednesday we had a special meeting. The hall was packed, and some soldiers were enrolled. The children's program was excellent. We are glad to have Lieut. Johnson with us, and we mean to do our best for the extension of the Kingdom of God.—S. M. Sumpter.

Like Hot Cakes.

Liverpool.—We are in for victory. The seed is being sown, and we are believing for a great harvest of souls in the near future. We sold our allotted number of Christmas War Crys—190. They went like hot cakes.—Cadet Walter Legge.

Minot.—We are fighting on under the leadership of Ensign Ferguson and her armour-bearer, Cadet Murray. Last Sunday night a man who had been drinking stood at the open-air, followed to the barracks, and came to the conquering Saviour, Who breaks every chain. On Christmas night the platform was taken by the Juniors, and songs, recitations, duets, and dialogues were given. These were done remarkably well, and great credit is due the Ensign for her care and patience in teaching the wee ones. Then the gifts from the tree were distributed, and we said good-night to the tired but happy little ones. God bless the Juniors.—Mrs. C. F. Parker.

After the Holidays.

Mt. Vernon.—We had a visit from the D. O. last night. He enrolled one recruit and commissioned four local officers. Most of the evening was taken up with business matters, nevertheless, we made the devil tremble. One sister held up her hand for prayer, and several, when dealt with personally, said they would like to be saved. One promised she would come after the holidays were over. We are believing for a revival this winter.—Lieut. Holder.

Congratulations.

New Whatcom.—We congratulate you on the Christmas Cry and supplement. They were O.K., and sold like hot cross buns at Easter. All corps in the Whatcom district except one have been heard from, and all report that they have sold out. I have just had a trip round the district, and had a good time at each corps. Souls were saved, soldiers enrolled, and local officers commissioned. Three souls at Everett, where Captains Darrach and Heater are doing well. One cried for mercy at Snohomish. Mt. Vernon is looking up. Lieut. Holder and Cadet McDonald are doing all they can to get a move on, and the signs of the times are good. At Whatcom we are in to conquer.—S. Blackburn, D. O.

A Successful Campaign.

Ottawa.—The Spiritual Specials, Major Galt and Capt. LeDrew, concluded their series of revival services on Thursday, December 19, by welcoming beneath the colors five Seniors and six Juniors. The Major's subject was, "A Cure for Agnosticism," which was attentively listened to by a large audience. One Senior and two Juniors found pardon at the Cross. On the Sunday previous five Seniors and two Juniors sought Christ, while at the holiness meeting there were nine seekers after God. On Friday night Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall were in charge, and three sought holiness and one salvation. On Sunday Lieut. Morris, of Ottawa Rescue Home, farewelled for Halifax. Captain LeDrew and Bandsman Duncan also said good-bye, the former for another appointment, with Major Galt, and the latter for the field. This is the fifth comrade who has left our ranks, and gone to the front of the battle this Fall.—A. French, Secretary.

Display of Good Things.

Parry Sound.—Since our gallant officers, Capt. Hart and wife, have taken charge here they have led us on to great victories. Quite a number came to see the beautiful display of good things on the Christmas tree for the Juniors. Our Juniors' work is going ahead since our new J. S. Sergt.-Major has taken the work in hand. We mean to be faithful to our Lord and the dear old flag, and we are sure of victory.—W. J. Howell, W. C. C.

Glorious Times.

Pilley's Island.—On Sunday we had a visit from our worthy D. O., Ensign Snow, accompanied by Lieut. Blackmore. Glorious times all day, and on Sunday night one backslider came back and took her stand for God. On Thursday night the devil was defeated and one sister sought salvation. We are going on for greater things in the future.—Lily Ridout.

Hearts Made Glad.

Ridgetown.—Praise God for victory. During the past week our hearts were made glad by two souls kneeling at the penitent-form for salvation. One was a young man, and the other an aged mother. We are looking for a number more, who are under conviction, and who have requested our prayers.—F. Talcott, Cadet-Lieut.

Found Pardon.

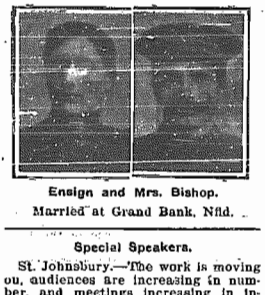
Snohomish.—We had a visit from our D. O., Adjutant Blackburn, and Captain Dors, last Wednesday. We had a grand meeting and one precious soul found pardon.—Sergeant-Major.

They Are Hustlers.

Spokane.—The Christmas War Crys arrived a few days ago, and they are O.K. We ordered 1,000, and are going, by God's help, to sell them. All the soldiers are pitching in, and Bro. Preston reports they are selling like hot cakes. On Thursday night we had a rescue meeting, led by Staff-Captain Jost. Several of the soldiers and friends brought round packages of groceries for the Rescue Home. There were several little articles for sale that were made in the Home, and they sold fairly well. Although our congregation was not by any means a large one, yet the sum of fifteen dollars was given in the collection, thus proving what faith our friends have in our work. Major Hargrave, Staff-Captain Taylor, and our officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre, have gone to Nelson, B. C., to assist in the opening of the new barracks. About five years ago the Adjutant and his wife opened up the work there, and, praise God, the good seed sown then has since brought forth fruit, and to-day the Nelson Corps is a credit to the Pacific Province. To God be all the praise.—Joe Logan.

"Go Forward!"

St. George's.—Since last report we have had some good meetings, and an increase in crowds. On Sunday we had with us Brother Duke of the Wesleyan Chapel. He gave an interesting Bible discourse on "Go Forward!" to quite an appreciative audience. We closed the meeting by seeing the first convert of the St. George's Corps returning home to God. Captain Prince has things well in hand and everything is going on well at present. By the help of God we mean to stand by our leader and assist her in this glorious work of winning souls for the Kingdom.—Ernest Astill, Corps Cadet.



Ensign and Mrs. Bishop.

Married at Grand Bank, Nfld.

Special Speakers.

St. Johnsbury.—The work is moving on, audiences are increasing in number, and meetings increasing in interest and power. We are expecting to see souls kneeling at the Mercy-seat and seeking the Lord. The brass and string band are going on and doing fairly good work. Once a month the band gives a musical meeting, with a special outside speaker. The last one was addressed by Rev. Mr. Duston, the Freewill Baptist minister here. It was a very good meeting. The next one, which is planned for Jan. 11th, will be "Methodist" night, and the speaking will be by the Methodist brothers and sisters.—W. C. R.

The Happy Couple.

Strathroy.—The new town clock can be seen from our platform, reminding us that life is speeding by. We have the joy of hearing a newly-married couple who were backsliders say that the Lord had received them again. Others also are coming to Jesus. Captain Pickle and Lieut. Cook are doing their best for God. God bless them.—A. Haldane.

Four at the Mercy-Seat.

Sturgeon Falls.—Since our arrival here we can report victory. Last Sunday we had the joy of seeing four souls at the mercy-seat. We had a grand time at our Christmas Tree. The hall was packed and everybody enjoyed the service. We have just had a visit from Adjutant Perry, whose Lantern Service was very much appreciated by all who were present. Sunday was a day of great blessing. Many were under deep conviction. We are believing for a mighty work to be done in the future.—Lizzie Jago, Lieut.

Best of All, Two Souls.

Uxbridge.—Good meetings all day on Sunday. God came very near and blessed us. Good crowds, good interest, and best of all, two souls seeking Christ,—one for holiness and the other for salvation. We are believing for greater victories.—D. Pattenden, Captain.

Signs of the Times.

Westville, N. S.—Sunday was a good day spiritually. At night two souls sought salvation. Praise God for the signs of the times. One of the officers dreamt of seeing lots of converts testifying for God. I hope it will turn out to be a Bible dream. Christmas Crys went well.—G. P. T.

WEST ONTARIO REVIVAL BRIGADE.

Adjt. Orchard Leads Forth at Blenheim, His Old Corps.

This is one of my old corps. I was stationed here some seven years ago, therefore it was a great pleasure for me to see old comrades and friends again, and to see them fighting for God in the ranks of the good old Army.

There are some good soldiers here, who have been faithful and endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. God bless them.

During this campaign we had some tough battles, but God helped us, and we had the joy of seeing several get the victory. Glory be to God! The crowds increased wonderfully, and on the last Sunday we met at 7 a.m. for a love feast. Had a nice time, and marched before the holiness meeting. The people looked rather surprised, as it was an unusual thing to march Sunday mornings. One came out for sanctification. Good crowd in afternoon. Straight firing followed, and a number went away badly wounded. At night there was also a good attendance. A very hot battle took place and the arrows of Gospel truth were fired into the ranks of the enemy, thick and fast. The battle lasted until 11.15 p.m., when three prisoners were taken. We sang our favorite chorus, "We'll end this war down by the river," before closing, and several had a glory dance.

Monday night, being the last of our campaign, we had a cup of coffee and cake. The meeting went off well. Three stood under the yellow, red, and blue to fight for God and souls. Before the meeting closed two were at the Mercy Seat. We praised God with all our hearts for the victory won.

The little band played several selections while the coffee and tea were passed around. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. Some said it was like the old-time meetings, and some who had not been to the S. A. for a long time attended the meetings; in fact, one man said he had never attended an Army meeting before, but enjoyed it much.

We feel sure there was a work done that will stand the test of eternity. Four came for salvation and four for sanctification, and the soldiers are more determined to fight for God.

Bro. and Sister Clemens, also Bro. and Sister Rumble, with whom we were billeted, made us very comfortable, and were the very essence of kindness. God bless them! Captain Groonbridge, the man of sermons, is in charge here, and we are believing to hear of the work being followed up and souls getting saved, as in the other places where the troupe has visited. All glory to the Lamb! God bless Blenheim.—W. Orchard, Adjt.

SECOND EPISTLE FROM BRIDGEWATER.

And it became noised about the town of Bridgewater that on Saturday, which is the seventh day of the week, and Sunday, which is the first day of the week, in the month of December, in the year of our Lord 1901, Dowell, a wonderful man, who haileth from the shores of Newfoundland, and Miller, who is a Captain, and chief of the house of the Millers, and McWilliams, who is a Captain and chief leader of the warriors of Lunenburg, were to tarry in the town of Bridgewater for two days.

And as it drew nigh the evening, and the train entered the station, there alighteth therefrom Dowell, Miller, McWilliams, and Redmond, who is a Captain and leader of the warriors at Bridgewater; and many of the people standing around were glad to see them, especially were they glad to see Miller, and amid much hand-shaking and greeting, the warriors did make their way to the house, which is called, according to the Army of Salvation, the quarters.

And Moore, who is a Lieutenant, did make merry, and did greet the warriors with a pleasant countenance.

And it soon became noised about the town that Dowell had come. Many of the Pharisees and Scribes did say, "We must hear and see this man who is considered so wonderful, and we shall see if he doeth anything which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath Day."

And as it drew nigh the evening of the seventh day, the servants of the Lord did meet for a time of rejoicing, after which was appointed a march and open-air, so the warriors did stand on the street corner to speak and reason with the people.

And as the warriors did halt, many were heard to say, "Lo, here is Dowell!"

Another did say, "There standeth Miller," and some came forth and shook hands with Miller, and did say, "Most happy we are to greet thee, and how long art thou to abide in our midst?"

And Miller did say, "I know not for certain."

McWilliams did stand forth and sing a new song unto the Lord.

Dowell did shout unto the Lord, and did dance, and a certain Pharisee made bold and said it was a sin for a Christian to dance. Dowell perceived their thoughts and did say, "Did not David dance and come before the Lord with a pleasant song?" and the Pharisees were amazed.

And, behold, when Miller did stand forth to speak, there arose a division among the crowd, many saying, "Can this be Miller, who was once a Captain in our midst?" And Miller did say, "Yea, verily, I am she who tarried once in your midst; most happy I am to speak again."

And a certain Scribe said, "She speaketh as one who understands whereof she speaks."

And as Miller did speak, her face became like unto some beautiful flower.

Then Redmond did stand forth and declare unto the people that there was to be great rejoicing in the synagogue on the morrow, which is the Sabbath day. In the morning was to be holiness unto the Lord, in the afternoon was to be a time of making merry and praising the Most High, and in the evening was to be a wonderful salvation meeting. Dowell was to lead the people forth.

After standing in the open-air for some time, the servants of the Lord did repair to the synagogue, and there a great crowd of people did greet them.

The meeting was a time of great rejoicing and playing upon the ten-stringed instruments, and timbrel, and drum.

Redmond did stand forth and with a sweet voice did sing joyfully unto the Lord.

Moore, who is a Lieutenant, and chief helper of Redmond, did declare she would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the wicked.

Thus as the meeting closed many of the sinners did say, "Almost they persuadeth me to become a Christian."

And as it drew nigh the morrow the warriors were to speak of holiness unto the Lord, a good time was spent.

In the afternoon great was the faith and hope of the warriors for a joyful time. Many of the people did say, "It seemeth like the early days."

And as it drew nigh the evening, the servants of the Lord did meet in the synagogue, where the blind might have their sight, and the sinners be cleansed of their sins. Many went away in their sins because of their unbelief, but a certain number of the Pharisees and sinners did say they were glad that they did come, and hoped it wouldn't be long till Dowell would come in their midst again.

And now may the blessing of the Lord be unto every reader of the War Cry.

So here endeth the second epistle from Bridgewater.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

At Torcross, Devonshire, England, the Salvation Army, after holding an open-air service, made a collection.

"Us can't give 'ee anything," said an old fisherman, "for us han't caught scarce a fish this year or more."

"Give to the Lord," the Army Captain said, "and the fish will come."

"Very well," said the fisherman, and these simple folk contributed $1.75.

Within half an hour the cry was raised that there were mackerel within the bay, and very soon boats were out, nets were shot, and the Army and the fishermen together hauled in the nets laden with fish. This was the first catch for the season, and the fishermen believed it was a miracle.—Natal Mercury.

TO CURE A CHILD OF CROUP.

Wring flannel cloths out in hot water and apply them to the throat, changing them frequently. Make a tent over the crib by means of sheets over a screen or umbrella; then place a small teakettle over an alcohol lamp near the crib, and let the child inhale the moist vapor which may be conducted inside the tent, care being taken that the child does not come close enough to the hot steam to get burnt. If the attack be severe you may give ten drops of syrup of ipecac every fifteen minutes until vomiting results. It would be best to keep the patient indoors for a day or two after the attack.—Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M.D., in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

Empty lamps give no light.

Doings in the E. O. P.

300 POOR MEN FED AT JOE BEEF'S.

An Influential Gathering at the Rescue Home—The Revival Campaign, Conducted by Major Galt and Capt. LeDrew, Opened by Major Turner.

The annual feed for Montreal's poor men was held at the Lighthouse, under the direction of Ensign Parsons, on New Year's Day.

For some time the men had been inquiring when the great dinner would come off, and over 300 tickets had been distributed long before the time announced.

The curiosity of any stranger passing along Common street on New Year's morning would have been aroused, and they would have been compelled to ask the question, "What's the matter? What's the row?" Men of all descriptions were making for one point, the S. A. Lighthouse—some ragged and dirty, others had their clothes patched, and were brushed up for the occasion. Many possessed fine intelligent faces, and some marks of refinement could yet be seen in the dissipated countenances. Take, for instance, Mr. A., a man with a very fine face and venerable appearance, once a clever business man, fine prospects, figured high in society, but now clothing but a drunken sum, a wreck—got down so low that he gains his subsistence by imposing upon others. Another can speak several different languages, graduate of one of the principal colleges, but now down in the mire of degradation. It is the same old story—rum, rum, rum is the cause of it all; and there are others, too numerous to mention, but they all rubbed shoulders with each other at the poor man's feed. Ensign and Mrs. Habkirk, with their staff of waiters and orderlies, were early on hand, and the tables were soon put into shape. Everything went like clockwork. Piles of good things, in the shape of turkey, vegetables, plum pudding, made the tables creak. And after Major turner had asked the blessing, the struggle began and the smoking viands rapidly disappeared.

Prof. Villard, of the French Methodist Institute, and Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Old Brewery Mission, both warm friends of the Army, were present.

While the eating was in progress the guests were entertained by solos and speeches from Major Galt, Ensign Habkirk, and Capts. Owen and Poole. Major Galt was immediately recognized by the men. One individual, speaking up, said to Major Turner, "Say, Colonel, we want to hear Miss Galt sing." When stationed in Montreal, some five years ago, the Major was much interested in Joe Beef's, and many notable characters were soundly converted through her efforts. The feed was a decided success, and we went home feeling blessed, and thanking God that we were privileged to have an opportunity of making those happy who were in less fortunate circumstances than ourselves.

The opening of the special revival campaign, conducted by Major Galt and Capt. LeDrew, was opened by Major Turner. A blessed time was experienced, and at the close one soul knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Clippings.

The campaign for feeding Montreal's poor, during Christmas week, was one of the best yet. The organization was perfect. Every officer, from the Major down, spared no pains to bring the venture to a successful issue. The local press commented very favorably.

One incident in connection with the Joe Beef's feed is worthy of note. At the conclusion of the dinner about a dozen men came in. They were immediately provided with plates of steaming eatables. But they hesitated to eat. What is the matter? No one has asked the blessing. The services of Capt. Owen were secured, the blessing asked, and then the men were satisfied, and did justice to the meal provided.

The announcement that the Commissioner had decided to visit the E.O.P. has been hailed with delight. Kingston and Picton will be honored by her presence.—Voila Tout.

JUVENILE CELEBRATIONS OF THE QUEEN CITY'S CHRISTMAS.

Father Christmas perched on the ledger rack of the Financial Office—a familiar figure in an unfamiliar place. But when it is known that Ensign Arnold's desk was immediately below the ancient doll's position, no one who has come within the sound of that alert young German's flying feet during the last twelve months will need any explanation. Ensign Arnold has been sorely stricken with a Christmas fever of so contagious a character that he has carried it throughout the Territorial Headquarters, and nearly every office has held some tribute or token destined to figure in a forthcoming great event. Concerning the details of the scheme Ensign Arnold preserved a silence, cautious and non-committal; we in the outer courts were but permitted to know that this was two-fold, embracing a dramatic demonstration, exclusively connected with the Temple Junior corps, and a demonstration of a more digestive character for the poorest of the poor children, of which the Ensign was the active engineer and the Commissioner herself the presiding genius.

* * * *

Midnight and past, and still those mysterious rappings continue—had the policeman on his beat been more romantic he might have declared the Temple haunted. But when the hammering ended silent figures emerge, one of whom is recognisable as the ever-present J. S. Sergt.-Major, the most superstitious must forget their ghost of fears, for he is well-known to be around at all hours just now, and it has been an open question whether there has been any sleeping at all done by one or two energetic people. All this nocturnal labor excites our anticipation, but the enthusiastic trio—Ensigns Arnold, Whitteker, and Morris—hold their peace with occasional prophesies concerning something which is to be "the best yet."

* * * *

It was the day after Christmas, the Boxing Day in old England, which, with the butcher, and baker, and candle-stick-maker, rivals in popularity the festive 25th, being the occasion on which they recuperate their pocket by a holiday tax on each patronizer's purse.

The Temple was all in holiday array, gay garlands of bunting and evergreen festooned the sobriety of the walls, a huge holly-bell hung from the gasolier, and the platform was lost in scenic scaffolding and a suggestive crimson curtain, while on proscenium and pillar shone the mottoes which speak the secrets of a Christmas, happy in Bethlehem peace.

Ensign Arnold's introductory speech was terse and to the point. We could not have listened long to anything with our eyes fastened on that tantalizing curtain.

Scene I.—We knew it was but a representation, yet so real it seemed that kind hearts shuddered at the gloomy home, one or two mothers' eyes grew moist at the pitiful tale and appearance of the drunkard's children, three wan, ill-clad figures, yet when they knelt to sing the evening prayer, taught by the Army Captain, we realized what the salvation of Jesus means when the wolf is at the door, and drunkenness within the home, as never before. The entrance of the parents interrupts the children's evening prayer, a peremptory summons sends the scared little ones to their wretched bed, but the parents are sober to-night, and have heard their names mentioned in prayer by those whom they have most wronged. The echo of the Christmas carol deepening their conviction closes the scene.

Scene II.—The Band of Love Meeting.

A triumph both in purpose and effect. The service was positively fascinating. Now we are listening to a band of white-robed, palm-crowned children, who sing of heaven as if they were already there, and now to the lisping accents of tiny tots in night attire, who, with outstretched candles, point to the corners where other lights should shine. The close is a telling narrative of a father's hard heart, reached by the tenderness of a Christ-like child, recited by the drunkard's child, and the curtain drops when her own parents, who have wandered in to hear the singing, kneel at the Mercy Seat.

Scene III.—The Christmas Evening.

The same home after salvation, with all the light and brightness of the change. Into the midst of the peace of the happy family corner the ring of reindeer-bells and Santa Claus makes his appearance, reinforced by Jack Frost, Brownies, and some gigantic snow balls, out of the smallest of which trips the tiniest daughter of the Chief Secretary with a bouquet for the Commissioner.

Everybody acted their own part after that, and Santa Claus a most generous one in his distribution of tokens to the local Juniors and Band of Love members. And the spirit of the fun was well determined, and we concluded with a tender, touching finish, conducted by the Commissioner when, with eyes tight shut and hands tight clasped on their treasures, the children thanked the great Giver of all in an old-time children's hymn.

The original composition of the story, the excellent stage management, and the clever acting of the children, merited and received the highest commendation from all.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

There is a proberbial warning that to go unemployed on the First promises lack of occupation all the year round, but there was no fear of this for the busy hands and hurrying feet who transformed the Temple into a banqueting hall. Everybody was at it. Band of Love lights carved the turkeys. Staff Officers stirred the puddings, and waiters with S's of silver and braid of red and yellow were here, there, and everywhere. How we admired the spotless tables, with their waving palms and shining cutlery, but to some eyes they looked even prettier still, when adorned by the motley crowd of wayward waifs and strays, who sat down to dine. A most savory odor of turkey and vegetables pervaded the place, mingled with the more fragrant suggestion of the close proximity of a giant plum pudding. It would take the pen of a reader writer to describe the feats which these children displayed, and feats that in their ambition would have made us smile, had we not remembered the sorrier thought of the rare occasions upon which they had the chance thus to excel. Our fears for their digestion were, however, somewhat relieved by the pile of bones which did, eventually, find their way out again on empty plates. When the last child (and an extra crowd of importunate little people, who had not the coveted ticket, were, somehow, squeezed in) had finished, a program, similar to that given on the 26th, evoked vociferous applause from the small guests, which reached unbounded enthusiasm at Santa Claus again made his appearance, with gifts of warmth as well as fun; the beaming faces peeping over big parcels as they trudged down the steps away to their miserable homes, was more than recompense for the toil of all effort given.

The writer trudged home with a parcel of impressions. Here are some of them:

The Temple Band of Love is an up-to-date concern.

The Junior corps is not behind.

Children who are taught to follow up all pleasure for themselves, by giving more pleasure to others, are likely to prove valuable forces for future fight.

The enthusiastic trio deserve a vote of thanks from everybody whom they enlisted in such a famous undertaking, and for their own noble share in it.

The Commissioner is still in love with the children's war.

There were a host of other impressions in the parcel, but we are afraid to go on untieing them, lest the thread of our narrative should break.

ECHOES FROM THE Women's Social Department.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. RUAD.

The League of Mercy at the Mercer.

Major Stewart, accompanied by the members of the League of Mercy and the Ibbotson Family, gave a musical service at the Mercer (Toronto Women's Prison) during the Christmas week. The selections by the talented family were much enjoyed, as well as the songs by Lieut. Meads and Mrs. Tucker (of the League). All the women who were able were present and showed appreciation. Many of the prison officials attended and were deeply interested in the proceedings. The courteous officials served the visitors with refreshments before they left the prison.

Ottawa's Christmas.

Ensign Hicks writes me, "I am glad to tell you that we had a very pleasant Christmas. A couple of wealthy young ladies furnished the trees and gifts for everyone in the Home, besides candies, oranges, apples, cake, and turkeys. Beautiful Christmas cards and many other things that were very useful were sent in. We are doing nicely, have quite a number of girls in, and I think that things in general are looking brighter."

London's Yuletide.

Adjt. McDonald tells us, "Thank you for Christmas messages. I have sent the League of Mercy theirs, also delivered girls' messages. We had abundance sent to the Home to give the girls and children a good Christmas dinner, also toys, etc. We did not have a tree but put their little gifts in their stockings. We are getting on nicely in the Home."

Halifax Treat.

The Matron of Halifax writes: "We had a nice Christmas. I put a little appeal for Santa Claus in two of the papers, and it met with a good response. We had a tree and presents for all. Plenty of fowl and confectionery sent in. The outside girls were in. All seemed pleased with the greetings from yourself."

St. John Celebration.

Staff-Capt. Holman informs us "It has been a busy time this Christmas. I must tell you a little about it. We had a very nice time, lunch at twelve and dinner at six o'clock, and two trees in the evening, well filled. Everything went off quite pleasantly. Then, to my surprise, yesterday a lady called and handed me two fifty-dollar bills. I could scarcely believe it when I saw one, but when I saw the second I did not know what to think."

From Hamilton.

Capt. Earle writes: "I should have answered your letter before, but, as you are aware, New Year's Day in the Rescue Home is rather a busy one, and so it was in our case. I know that you will be pleased to hear that we had a very cheerful beginning. I do not know when the girls appeared to be happier, and, of course, we had the jail meetings, which were encouraging also. Three held up their hands to be prayed for; in fact, they all seemed anxious to do better this coming year."

Montreal's Christmas Season.

Adjt. Ellery says, "We had a grand time with our own girls the Monday night before Christmas, twenty-six were present and two more came on Christmas Day. About fifty women came to the dinner we had at the Women's Shelter on Christmas Day, and we sent out about fifty meals to poor families. . . . I must tell you about the meeting which Major Gait held in the Home last night, Jan. 2nd. We had a very good time. Mr. and Mrs. Carsley were here, and they went all through the house, from the cellar to the top, and seemed very much pleased with everything. Mr. Carsley spoke of it in the meeting. Mr. Guaedinger, Dr. Reddy, Dr. Tuthill and others spoke in high terms of the Rescue work."

Our Thanks.

We are deeply grateful to all the kind friends up and down the Territory, for their co-operation in making the Christmas of those under our care in the Women's Social Institutions bright and happy.

Other Items of Interest.

Adjt. Ethel Kerr comes from the Field into the Rescue Work. She is heartily welcomed to Winnipeg Rescue Home, where she succeeds the late Adjt. Langtry. She writes Major Stewart respecting her appointment: "I come to take charge of the Home to-day. I feel I am so incapable for the position, especially to follow Mother Langtry. She was such a mother to the girls. However, I shall do my best, and ask God for wisdom. I thank you very much, dear Major, for your kind welcome to this branch of the work; you can depend upon me to do all I can to help and bless those around me."

From Charlottetown League of Mercy.

"I cannot tell you how we have appreciated all your kindness these few months, nor how we feel for and sympathize with you in your sickness. . . In my hospital visiting I never cease to thank the Lord for all His wondrous plan—indeed, I would shrink much from such labor had I a less glad message than that His grace, His promises, will be sufficient. And as the sympathetic chords are awakened by intercourse with the Christ, it is with a full heart I can clasp their hands and give them a word of cheer. We are doing what little we can along League of Mercy lines. In the hospital and jail some are being reached regularly, either by literature or personal visits, or both. . . As we can we will gladly do more.—Yours pressing heavenward, W. A. Hawley, League of Mercy."

OTTAWA ODDS AND ENDS.

Interest in the work seems to have greatly revived since the recent revival services, held by Major Gait and Capt. LeDrew, the Spiritual Specials. So read a local paper with reference to the Salvation Army work, and a conversation with Adjt. Kendall resulted in this statement being confirmed. "We are quite encouraged," said he, "and hope for a glorious time during the remainder of the winter season."

It was altogether too bad that the Major was so handicapped while in Ottawa, she having taken the grippe shortly after her arrival, but withal she struggled on remarkably, and held the crowds right to the end. There was quite an array of converts on the final night, which was encouraging.

A young man, to whom I was speaking, told me that he had not been in an Army meeting for twelve years, until that Sunday afternoon. He had once been a good S. A. soldier.

Bro. F. Heath was in attendance at nearly all the meetings. He had a wonderfully happy smile.

The band has done yeoman service during the special campaign. They have prayed and played at nearly all the public meetings.

A number of adherents and friends of the Army never missed a meeting during the two weeks.

The Local Officers deserve great credit for their untiring efforts to make the meetings a success.

The Adjutant, though not at all well, was here and there, doing all he could.

I believe, from a financial standpoint, the outcome was a great success.

Bandsman Sidney Duncan farewelled for the field. This makes the fifth Candidate, I think, since Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall took charge of Ottawa. A very good showing, eh? Bro. Duncan is one of those young men who you would undoubtedly say will make his mark as an officer. He has the right smile, and I believe that the person with a happy smile will undergo many trials and still be happy. I have watched this young man's career and could relate many things to his credit.—"Cankarious."

The Eastern Star is on the course with a round hundred, while Arab has taken the bit in his mouth and regained his place at the head of the Ontario competition with '93. Well done, Arab!

Nigger, nevertheless, keeps up a fine record, as well as retains the Territorial Champion Hustler, Lieut. Currell, who sold the magnificent number of 375 last week. When she has reached the 400 mark the War Cry man will send her a memorial in acknowledgement of her long and consistent War Cry booming.

Other champions are: 2nd, Brother Preston (P.P.) 253; 3rd, Capt. Hockin (W. O. P.) 240; 4th Lieut. March (E.P.) 238; 5th, Lieut. Murray (W.O. P.) 200. These are all splendid records, and will not be forgotten.

I was mistaken last week. Brother Preston and Capt. Long's 10 weeks' hustling race is not finished yet, hence I cannot give particulars. It looks, though, as if Bro. Preston is going to have the laugh on Capt. Long, but she thinks he won't laugh long. I say: He laughs best who laughs last.

Eastern Province.

100 Hustlers.

Lieut. March, St. John I.	238
Ensign Thompson, Westville	195
P. S. M. Cashin, Halifax	150
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	150
Sergt. Thistle, Halifax I.	150
Lieut. Clark, Sydney	125
Capt. Forsey, Liverpool	120
P. S. M. Veinot, Halifax II.	110
Capt. N. Smith, Truro	110
Capt. Long, Sydney	100
Sergt. Liston, Glace Bay	100
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	100
Capt. White, Sackville	95
Capt. Clark, Fredericton	90
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	87
Sergt. Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	80
Cadet Lavender, Campbellton	72
Lieut. Rudland, Houlton	70
Capt. Prince, St. George's	70
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	70
Cadet Ogilvie, St. John V.	67
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	65
Lieut. Tiller, Hillsboro	65
Ensign Allen, Woodstock	60
Ensign Knight, Chatham	60
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	55
Sergt. Ada Rowe, Fredericton	55
Capt. C. Tatem, Canning	50
May Turner, St. John V.	50
Capt. Davis, Sussex	50
Lieut. Kenney, Sussex	50
Cadet Newell, Springhill	50
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	50
Mrs. Crichton, Charlottetown	50
Lieut. Duncan, Carleton	50
Capt. Pemberton, New Glasgow	50
S. M. Peckwood, St. George's	50
Capt. Geo. Hudson, St. John II.	48
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	48
Lieut. Holden, Halifax II	47
Capt. Armstrong, St. John V.	42
Lieut. W. Riley, St. John II.	40
Sergt. Kelley, St. George's	36
Lieut. Murthough, Fairville	35
Capt. Greenland, Newcastle	35
Lieut. Murthough, Newcastle	35
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	35
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Jones, Bridgetown	30
Lieut. Richards, Bridgetown	30
Mrs. Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	30
Lieut. Fraser, North Head	30
Lieut. Chandler, Eastport	30
Cadet White, Eastport	30
Capt. Wyatt, Fairville	30
John Gibbons, St. George's	30
Capt. Kirk, Houlton	30
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	30
Capt. Leadley, Campbellton	26
Capt. Richards, North Head	25
S. M. Neilson, Woodstock	25
Sergt. C. Jones, Woodstock	25
Lieut. Nickerson, Annapolis	25
Bro. Smith, Glace Bay	25
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	25
Adjt. Jennings, Yarmouth	25
Lieut. Wood, Bear River	23
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Chatham	23
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	23
Capt. Green, Bear River	22
Sergt. England, Chatham	22
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	21
Bro. Hallet, Hampton	20
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisburg	20
Capt. McIvor, Louisburg	20
Adjt. Byers, Moncton	20
Capt. Meikle, Kentville	20
Capt. Graves, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	20
Lieut. Munroe, Lunenburg	20
Adjt. Crichton, Charlottetown	20
Lieut. Fewson, Moncton	20
Ensign Sabine, Somerset	20
Ensign Brehaut, Summerside	20
Capt. Anderson, Amherst	20
Ensign Wilson, Carleton	20
Capt. Winchester, Freeport	20
Lieut. Nugent, Freeport	20
Lieut. Weakley, North Sydney	20
Lieut. E. DeBow, Halifax	20
Sergt.-Major Kent, Bear River	20
Capt. Parsons, Calais	20
Cadet Haugen, Moncton	20
J. Ford, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. Norman, Glace Bay	20
Capt. Payno, Somerset	20
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	20
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton	20
Sergt. Bonnell, Truro	20
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	20

West Ontario Province.

93 Hustlers.

Capt. Hockin, London	240
Lieut. Murray, Brantford	200
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	150
Capt. Sitzer, Stratford	125
Capt. Fyfe, Goderich	125
Capt. Maisey, Guelph	125
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, London	117
Adjt. Cameron, Brantford	100
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	90
Ensign Huntington, Ridgetown	90
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	80
Ensign Jarvis, Essex	80
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	80
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	75
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	75
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Leamington	75
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Ingersoll	70
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Chatham	67
Ensign Hollett, Windsor	65
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	64
Mrs. Capt. Burton, St. Thomas	63
Ensign Hoddinott, Galt	60
Lieut. West, Windsor	60
Capt. Pickle, Strathroy	57
Lieut. Cook, Strathroy	55
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Clinton	55
Lieut. Allen, Galt	55
Capt. Ringler, Simcoe	50
Capt. Horwood, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Crafts, Tilsonburg	50
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	50
Mary Wisson, Simcoe	47
Capt. Young, Watford	47
Lieut. Yeomans, Seaforth	47
Mrs. Ensign Huntington, Ridgetown	46
Lieut. Ellis, Hespeler	46
Adjt. McGillivray, London	45
Lieut. White, Hespeler	40
P. S. M. Wheeler, Hespeler	40
Ensign Haley, Simcoe	40
Ensign Crawford, Stratford	40
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Woodstock	40
S. M. Brydon, Windsor	35
Capt. Kitchen, Seaforth	35
Ina Groom, Blenheim	35
Capt. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	34
Capt. Gibson, Wingham	33
Bro. Auld, Wingham	32
Lieut. Greenwood, Thedford	30
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	30
Mother Cutting, Essex	30
Capt. Coy, Leamington	30
Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim	30
Sister Christner, Petrolia	30
Capt. Burton, St. Thomas	30
Sec. Churchill, Petrolia	30
Capt. Bradt, Norwich	30
Ensign Hellman, Petrolia	30
Capt. Kerswell, Ingersoll	30
Capt. Plant, Dresden	27
Faith Cooper, Guelph	27
Capt. Dowell, Clinton	25
May Perrin, Berlin	25
Hattie Erb, Berlin	25
Ensign Howcroft, Wallaceburg	25
Sergt. Benn, Wallaceburg	25
Lieut. Close, Goderich	25
Mrs. Deerling, Atwood	25
S. M. Tremain, Listowel	25
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	25
Mrs. Garrod, Blenheim	25
Mrs. Davis, Norwich	25
Mrs. Capt. Bradt, Norwich	25
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	25
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	24
Lieut. Martin, Dresden	24
Mrs. Shepherd, Drayton	22
Willie Wallace, Sarnia	21
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Lillie Northcott, Bothwell	20
Capt. Barner, Bothwell	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Capt. Crawford, Forest	20
Lieut. Edwards, Forest	20
Lieut. McColl, Berlin	20
Capt. Copeman, Berlin	20
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	20
Sergt. Ellis, Dresden	20
Capt. Harman, Drayton	20
C.-C. Lucy Horwood, London	20
Grace Cooper, Guelph	20

Central Ontario Province.

84 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	375
Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	132
S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	120
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	100
Ensign Lott, North Bay	80
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	80
Cadet-Lieut. Smith, Gravenhurst	80
Capt. Stephens, Brampton	61
Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Parry Sound	60
Capt. Rennie, Bracebridge	60
Cadet Matthews, Temple	60
Sergt. Bowman, Temple	59
Ensign Brant, Oshawa	58
Cadet Greenslade, Lippincott	58
Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton II.	56
Capt. Nelson, Feversham	54
Capt. Capper, Feversham	54
Ensign Staiger, Owen Sound	52
Capt. Fisher, Owen Sound	52
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	50
Capt. Wilson, Dundas	50
Cadet Darch, Dundas	50
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	48
Cadet-Lieut. Wellsby, Orangeville	45
Capt. Stephens, Sturgeon Falls	45
Lieut. Jago, Sturgeon Falls	45
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	45
Mrs. Munroe, Meaford	45
Capt. Culbert, Meaford	45
P. S. M. Stewart, Lisgar St.	43
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	42
Capt. McCann, Yorkville	40
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Capt. Trickey, Orillia	40
Lieut. Langridge, Orillia	40
Cand. Palmer, Orillia	40
Corps-Cadet Green, Burk's Falls	40
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	40
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Huntsville	35
Tillie Gee, Hamilton II.	35
Sergt. McArthur, Temple	35
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	33
Cadet Anderson, Lippincott	32
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	32
Capt. Clink, Sudbury	30
Bro. Bebb, Bracebridge	30
Sergt.-Major McHenry, Lisgar St.	30
Mrs. Adjt. Bale, Lindsay	30
C.-C. Richards, Lindsay	27
Lieut. Greavett, Aurora	25
Capt. McLennan, Aurora	25
Capt. Pattenden, Uxbridge	25
Lieut. Hudgin, Uxbridge	25
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	25
Capt. Marshall, Oshawa	25
Capt. Carwardine, Chesley	25
Bro. Miller, Riverside	25
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
P. S. M. Stunden, Bracebridge	25
Mrs. Retan, Huntsville	23
Bro. Moffit, Riverside	20
Ensign Jamieson, Riverside	20
Treas. Evely, Oshawa	20
Sister Small, St. Catharines	20
Adjt. Walker, St. Catharines	20
Harry Walker, St. Catharines	20
Capt. Wadge, Lindsay	20
Adjt. Bale, Lindsay	20
Bro. Nelson, Lindsay	20
Cadet-Lieut. Williams, Kinmount	20
C.-C. Courtemanche, Norland	20
Bro. Chesney, Collingwood	20
Lieut. Crandell, Brampton	20
Lieut. Meader, Burk's Falls	20
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	20
L. Beere, Hamilton II.	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sister Dewell, Temple	20
Sergt. Phillips, Lisgar St.	20
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	20
Adjt. Sims, Lisgar St.	20
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. Trusty, Lisgar St.	20

East Ontario Province.

59 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	160
Mrs. Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	160
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	140
Lieut. Gates, Napanee	95
Sergt. Welsh, Burlington	95
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	86
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	83
Lieut. Hoole, St. Albans	82
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	81
Capt. Thompson, Newport	80
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	79
Capt. Green, Deseronto	76
Cadet Barber, Burlington	75
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	71
S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	68
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	65
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	65
Lieut. Holliday, Quebec	65
Lieut. Grainger, Ottawa	63
Lieut. Owens, Pembroke	61
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	60
Lieut. Bryan, Arnprior	50
S. M. Harbour, Ottawa	50
Sergt. Hippern, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Young, Kingston	45
Capt. Wilson, Trenton	45
Lieut. Foley, Trenton	45
Capt. Weir, Pembroke	40
Capt. Patterson, Peterboro	40
Lieut. Ovey, Burlington	40
Capt. Brimson, Campbellford	37
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	36
Mrs. Ensign Norman, Tweed	35
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	34
Capt. Pitcher, Kemptville	30
Mrs. Adjt. Cave, Barre	30
John Walton, Kingston	30
Maggie Little, Newport	30
Lieut. Langley, Perth	29
Cadet-Lieut. Soward, Kemptville	27
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	27
Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal I.	26
Sergt. Moon, Tweed	26
Sergt. Wright Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Garayat, Montreal I.	25
Cadet Carpenter, Ogdensburg	25
Sergt. Gee, Ottawa	25
Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	25
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Sergt. Chugg, Ottawa	23
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	20
Father Duquet, Trenton	20
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Cadet Webber, Montreal II.	20
Carrie Hippern, Montreal II.	20
Lieut. Bullock, Napanee	20
Mrs. Dawson, Picton	20
Capt. Bethune, Perth	20

Newfoundland Province.

40 Hustlers.

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.	105
Cadet Diamond, St. John's II.	65
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	61
Sergt.-Major Ebsary, St. John's I.	60
Sergt. M. Newman, Twillingate	55
Capt. Stickland, Twillingate	55
Sergt. James Reid, Dildo	40
Mrs. Ensign Hiscock, Bay Roberts	40
Capt. M. Janes, St. John's I.	35
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	34
Sergt. E. Hutchings, St. John's I.	32
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	31
Maggie Blackmore, Pilley's Island	31
Mrs. Ensign Hiscock, Bay Roberts	30
P. S. M. Ayles, Bonavista	30
Sergt. M. Oak, Tilt Cove	28
Sergt. Stowbridge, St. John's I.	25
Mrs. Eddy, Clarenville	25
Sergt. Evans, Hant's Harbor	25
Sergt. Mrs. Bennett, Fortune	25
Cadet Andrews, St. John's II.	25
Capt. M. G. Sainsbury, Harbor Grace	25
Lieut. H. Wiltshire, Harbor Grace	24
Ensign Mrs. Cooper, Grand Bank.	22
Sec. Hickman, Grand Bank	22
Sec. Crocker, Heart's Delight	22
Sergt. Honeyburn, Musgravetown	22
Samuel Carter, Wesleyville	21
Sergt. M. Blunden, St. John's I.	20
Cadet Granby, St. John's I.	20
Cadet Mercer, St. John's I.	20
Cadet Connecke, St. John's I.	20
Mrs. Morgan, Fortune	20
Lieut. Smith, Bay Roberts	20
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II.	20
J. S. S.-M. Seward, Heart's Content	20
Sergt. Harlick, Gambo	20
Sergt. F. Harding, Greenspond	20
Sergt. Walter Butler, Greenspond	20
Capt. Beaton, New Bay	20

Pacific Province.

36 Hustlers.

Bro. Preston, Spokane	253
Mrs. Wardell, Rossland	145
Capt. Hurst, Victoria	115
Sister Daisy Smith, New Whatcom	111
Capt. Gain, Butte	106
C.-C. Robinson, Greenwood	100
Adjt. Stevens, Butte	84
Cadet-Lieut. Sutherland Nanaimo.	80
Sister M. Innes, New Westminster	75
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Vancouver	75
Cadet McCormick, Victoria	70
Cadet-Lieut. Lewis, Great Falls	65
Capt. Charlton, Billings	62
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	50
Capt. Daies, Lewiston	50
Lieut. Johnson, Lewiston	50
Capt. Jackson, Fernie	50
Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver	45
Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	43
Mrs. Nesbitt, Helena	42

C. C. Park, Nelson	42
Sergt. Mortenson, Dillon	41
Treas. Nesbitt, Helena	40
Sister H. Knudson, Nelson	38
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	32
Sister Florence Pogue, Nelson	32
Ensign Scott, Nelson	30
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Fernie	30
Sergt. Glen, Butte	30
Mrs. Ensign Larder, Rossland	30
Sister Monteith, Dillon	27
Ensign Southall, Nanaimo	26
Lieut. Malcolm, Nelson	25
Lieut. Church, New Westminster	24
Bro. Terryberry, Vancouver	22
Lieut. Bassingthwaight, Dillon	20

The Klondike.

1 Hustler.

Capt. Jessie Long, Skagway	243

For the Housewife.

For potato puffs put one cup of potatoes in a small pan; add yolk of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of cream, salt and pepper; stir over the fire until hot; take from the fire; add the well-beaten whites of the eggs; put this mixture into a greased baking-dish; bake in a quick oven until brown.

For creamed celery take one small tender head of celery, wash and scrape it quite clean, removing the outer stalks; put one pint of rich milk (part cream if possible) into a double boiler. Cut the stalks of celery into small cubes, and let them boil in the milk till quite tender. Then rub one tablespoonful of butter, and the same or a little more of flour into a smooth paste, and add it to the boiling celery. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and let it boil until it becomes rich and creamy. Serve in a small vegetable dish.

For chicken salad cut cold boiled chicken and celery into tiny pieces with a sharp knife and cover with the following dressing: Moisten two even tablespoonfuls of mustard with boiling water, stir smooth and beat well with three eggs, one-half cupful of olive oil or melted butter, as preferred; one scant teaspoonful of white pepper, two of salt, one cupful vinegar. Heat the dressing until thick. Spread the chicken and celery on lettuce leaves and pour in the dressing.

For salted almonds blanch the almonds by throwing boiling water over them. Let them remain for about two minutes, and then put them in cold water and the skins will slip off easily. When the almonds are all blanched and dried thoroughly with a cloth, they must be measured. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of olive oil over every cupful of nuts. Let them stand two hours. Then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly with a spoon. Spread the almonds out in a shallow tin pan and put them in a quick oven, where they will turn a delicate brown and become crisp and tender from ten to fifteen minutes. They must be watched closely and stirred often, as they scorch quickly. When taken from the oven they should be spread on clean blotting paper to absorb the oil. They are much better if kept a day or two before being eaten.

For plum pudding one cupful of chopped raisins, seeded, one cupful of suet, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, one half teaspoonful of soda in the milk, two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one-third teaspoonful each of ground cloves and nutmeg. Steam three hours and serve with the following sauce: One cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour. Beat together until like cream, then add one cupful of boiling water and cook until clear; flavor strongly with sherry, or nutmeg may be substituted if desired.

For orange jelly, to one ounce of gelatine add a pint of cold water; after fifteen minutes add another pint of boiling water, stir until the gelatine is dissolved; then add a coffee-cupful of sugar, the juice of six oranges and two lemons; strain and put into a mold. This jelly looks particularly pretty if the skins of the oranges are used for the molds. Dig them carefully out, cut in half and pour in the jelly to harden.

THE HYGIENE CLASS.

CHAPTER XXI.

6. **Smokers' Cancer.**—There is no chance to doubt that tobacco-using is often a cause of this terrible disease. All eminent surgeons testify that they frequently meet cases of cancer of the lip and tongue, which have been occasioned by smoking. In the great hospitals of this country and Europe, we have seen many cases of smokers' cancer, besides a number which we have met in our own practice.

7. **Tobacco-Users' Dyspepsia.**—Tobacco is a narcotic. The effect of narcotics generally is to lessen the secretion of gastric juice, and to increase the activity of the stomach. Tobacco does this in a very marked degree. A man who is hungry may appease his desire for food by using tobacco, if he is accustomed to it, or by the employment of some other narcotic. The desire is appeased, although the need still exists. It is through this same paralyzing influence that tobacco impairs digestion.

8. **Nicotinized Nerves.** — Tobacco-users suffer much from nervousness, which is manifested in a great variety of ways. One person is easily startled, another is unnaturally irritable, is cross and irascible; another cannot sleep at night; still another suffers with trembling of the hands, which greatly discommodes him in writing.

We have often known women and young children to suffer very severely from various nervous disorders which were wholly due to the effect upon their delicate organizations of the poisonous fumes of tobacco which they received through the poison-laden exhalations of their smoking husbands and fathers.

9. **Tobacco Paralysis.**—In the last thirty years there has been a great increase in the frequency of the occurrence of a peculiar form of paralysis which seems to affect especially the nerves that supply the muscles, causing gradual wasting and loss of muscular power, which is fairly attributable to the increasing use of tobacco, as it most often occurs in tobacco-users.

A form of progressive paralysis of the optic nerves, causing "tobacco amaurosis," or blindness, is well recognized by oculists. These cases generally recover when tobacco is discontinued, but will not get well so long as it is used.

Tobacco-blindness is very common in Ireland, where very strong tobacco is used. It is caused both by smoking and chewing.

Color-blindness, an affection which is increasing to an alarming extent, especially in Belgium and Germany, where smoking is more extensively practised even than in this country, has been found to be largely attributable to the use of tobacco. This fact was first made known by an eminent Belgian physician, who made extensive investigations upon the subject at the request of the Belgian Government.

10. **The Tobacco Legacy.**—There is no vice or habit to which men are addicted the results of which are more certainly transmitted to posterity than are those of tobacco-using. A vigorous man may use tobacco all his life, and be able to convince himself all the time that he is receiving no injury; but the children of that man, who ought to inherit from him a vigorous constitution and high health, are robbed of their rightful patrimony instead, and enter upon life a weakly vital organism, with a system predisposed to disease and destined to premature decay.

Smoking and Consumption.

A celebrated European specialist has recently called attention to the fact that consumption is becoming exceedingly prevalent among cigar-smokers. The reason for this is evident. The fact that persons of feeble or diseased constitution are frequently employed in the manufacture of cigars, coupled with the enforced confinement in a close and foul atmosphere, renders this class of laborers especially liable to consumption. It is not an uncommon thing to see two or three loud consumptives in a single cigar factory. Of course the mouth and lips are constantly soiled with the expectorated matter, and when the cigar-maker puts on the finishing touch to the cigar, by moistening it with his lips, he infects it, and the man who smokes the cigar thereby becomes vaccinated with the disease. It might, perhaps, not be a matter to be so greatly regretted that the race of cigar-smokers should be killed off, although it must be admitted that, through ignorance, many excellent men are addicted to the practice; but the non-users of cigars are interested in this matter almost as much as those who smoke, for the reason that the person suffering from consumption will be a source of infection to others. We have, in more than one instance, been able to trace consumption in a wife to the care of a consumptive husband, and thus the smoking husband might easily infect an innocent and unoffending wife, from whom the disease might in turn be communicated to innocent children. Cigar-smoking must be regarded as one of the most dangerous, as well as one of the most loathsome, practices tolerated among civilized people.

The Stimulant Habit.

Our war against alcohol and other stimulants is not based upon the specific influence of alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, or opium, but upon the fact that these substances are all artificial stimulants,—that is, by their use the body is harmed, and the vital power is weakened by the consumption of energy which is not in any way reinforced by the substance employed. There are many other substances besides those named above which possess this same property, such as hashish, Siberian fungus, strychnia, and arsenic. Dr. Norman Kerr, in a recent article, records cases which have come under his own observation, in which persons have taken from ten to fifteen grains of arsenic, and claimed to have been improved by it. According to Dr. Kerr, ladies swallow arsenic, to improve their personal appearance, and also use it externally for the complexion. Gentlemen are also addicted to this practice, and both sexes take arsenic as a fillip and general tonic. Nor is the habit confined to the wealthy. On one occasion, while crossing a ferry, Dr. Kerr saw a boatman rest on his oars and take a drink out of a pocket-flask. The beverage was a preparation of arsenic, and the dose was enough to kill any four average men.

REALIZING OUR SIN.

In his excellent parable, "Transformation," Hawthorne has said that men, till they realize their sin, are morally little more than animals. But out of hearts ploughed by contrition spring flowers fairer than ever grew on the hard soil of unbroken self-content. There blooms in them the perception of a better form of character then we have yet attained. Out of this mellowed soil spring sympathy and charity for other erring mortals, and, sweetest blossom of all, gratitude towards the gracious Source of all good. But how shall this sense of sin exist if there be none to sin against? What shall incite repentance when it has its very occasion and ground? The sterility of a world without a sense of sin, and without repentance, may indeed be relieved by some mock and artificial flowers of moral decorum and social etiquette, but they will yield no perfume and bear no propagating seed.

Education is not in extensive apparatus and vast libraries, but in the touch of life upon life.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

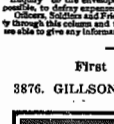
To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe befriend, and, at the request of friends, assist estranged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 25 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3876. GILLSON, WM. J. S. Formerly of Collingwood, Ont. Last heard from in New Whatcom, Wash. Ty., U. S. A., in '96. Weight 160 lbs., height 5 ft. 6 in., black eyes, dark brown hair, slightly bald. His brother is anxious to hear from him. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Albert St., Toronto, Ont.



3877. THOMPSON CLIFFORD. Left Necho, N.D., three years ago; is supposed to be cattle ranching in Montana. Height 5 ft. 8 in., aged 23, dark hair. His parents are anxious to hear from him. Address, Salvation Army Inquiry, Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE SECRET.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for everyone he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or auntess, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied, 'I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then: a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful."

We are generally too ready, for the sake of peace, to put a premium on ill-temper, and to give the cross person the right of way. This is often cowardly and almost always a mistake. Ill-temper should be gently resisted.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their Wills not being in conformity with the law relative to charitable bequests. The following course of action is therefore recommended: If the property of a Testator desiring to bequeath the Fund consists of Money, or Foreign Bonds, Gold Shares, Cash in Deposit, Shares in Trading Companies, Consols, Loans to Municipal Corporations, Debentures, Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water, or Industrial Companies, Marine Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines, or similar kinds of property, then the following form of bequest should be used:—

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH TO COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, or other the Commissioner or Chief Officer for the time being, of THE SALVATION ARMY in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America, the sum of $.....to be used or applied by her or him at her or his discretion for the general purposes of the said Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America."

Directions for Execution of Will.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together when he executes it, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupation on the same page as the end of the Will. The best method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and tell the witnesses that he want them to be witnesses to it, and then all three sign the will in each other's presence, and let none of the three go away until they have all signed.

The Commissioner will always be pleased to procure further advice for any friends desiring to benefit the Army by Will or otherwise, and will treat any communication made to her on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the subject should be marked private and addressed to COMMISSIONER E. C. BOOTH, S. A. Temple Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Songs Selected by Adjutant Burrows, Barrie.

HOLINESS

COMING TO THEE.

Tune.—Ready to die (B.J. 10).

1 With a faint, weary soul, to be made fully whole,
And Thy perfect salvation to see;
With my heart all aglow to be washed white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

Chorus.

Coming to Thee, coming to Thee,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee,
With my heart all aglow,
To be washed white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour to Thee.

Oh, how long have I tried to resist nature's tide!
All in vain have I sighed to be free;
In myself all undone, 'neath the waves sinking down,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

I Thy promise believe, that in Thee I shall live,
Through Thy blood shed so freely for me,
To obtain a pure heart, and secure the good part,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

All to Thee now I give, Thine to die, Thine to live,
Crucified to the world e'er to be;
Dead indeed unto sin, with a new life within,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

SAVING FAITH.

Tunes. Stella (B. J. 25); Ye banks and braes.

2 Give me the faith that Jesus had,
The faith that can great mountains move,
That makes the mournful spirit glad,
The saving faith that works by love,
The faith for which the saints have striven,
The faith that pulls the fire from heaven.

Give me the faith that gets the power,
That stubborn devils dare not turn,
That lion-teeth cannot devour,
That furnace-fires can never burn,
That never fears the tyrant's frown,
That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

Give me the faith that dare do right,
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,
That will for Jesus nobly fight,
That turns life's sorrows into song,
That passes through the fiery test,
That lives, and gives, and does its best.

Give me the faith that lives to trust,
That in the child-like spirit dwells,
That buries self and slaughters lust,
That keeps out all that Christ expels,
That gives no quarter to the foe,
That sternly says, "You'll have to go."

Give me the faith that clearly sees
What worldly eyes cannot behold,
That knows the way the Lord to please,
That can His secret ways unfold,
That gives up greatness for the good,
That wins the fight with fire and blood.

WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

OUR FLAG SHALL WAVE.

Tune.—Old Black Joe (B.B. 17).

3 All round the world the Army chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is saving souls,
All round the world our soldiers will be brave;
Around our colors we will rally—wave, soldiers, wave.

Chorus.

Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurl'd,
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the world.

All round the world, with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along,
All round the world to free each sin-bound slave,
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—wave, soldiers, wave.

All round the world the Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go,
All round the world, the universe to save,
With blood-and-fire, with faith and feeling—wave, soldiers, wave.

Chorus.

For you He is calling, for you He is calling,
Yes, Jesus is calling, is calling for you.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of hope to the poor weary heart,
The love of my Saviour, there's nothing so precious,
The friendship of Jesus will never depart.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of love to the poor drunkard's soul;
The love of my Jesus will snap all his fetters,
The blood of my Saviour makes perfectly whole.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
Oh, poor, wretched scoffer, you're selling your soul,
But Jesus invites you just now to receive Him,
And He will forgive you and pardon the whole.

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MISS BOOTH, COMMISSIONER.

(B.J. 283.)

6 Dark shadows were failing,
My spirit appalling,
For hid in my heart sin's deep crimson stains lay;
Thy bonds shall break, oh, captive one,
For Christ to set thee free has come,
He waits to give the precious boon—
The freedom thou hast sought so long.

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT

ORILLIA ..... Sunday, January 19th
KINGSTON ..... Sunday, January 26th
PICTON ..... Monday, January 27th
OWEN SOUND ..... Monday, February 3rd

FIGHTING FOR JESUS.

Tune.—The bell goes a-ringing for Sarah.

4 My name is a Salvation soldier,
I'm fighting for Jesus, my King;
I fight with the sword of the Spirit,
The battle He helps me to win.
"Salvation from sin," is my war cry,
The foe I am certain to rout;
And while to the battle I'm marching,
This, this is the song that I shout:

Chorus.

Oh, it's nice to be fighting for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus!
Oh, it's nice to be fighting for Jesus,
For victory's certain to come.

My Saviour is Lord of the nations;
Jehovah, the Mighty to Save;
He bought with His blood my salvation,
And all my transgressions forgave.
I stand ready armed for the action,
Poor sinners to Jesus I'll bring;
I'm happy in serving my Saviour,
And while in the battle I'll sing—

A little more fighting for Jesus,
A little more trusting His name,
Then off to the bright Golden City,
A crown of rejoicing to gain.
The palm of the victor He'll give me,
When I get to the regions so fair;
But until the end of my journey,
To all I am going to declare—

SALVATION.

JESUS IS CALLING.

Tune.—For you I am praying (B.J. 338).

6 We have a message, a message from Jesus,
And time is now hastening, the moments are few,
He's seeking for sinners, make haste to receive Him,
The Master is come and He calleth for you.

And when I was weeping,
The past o'er me creeping,
I heard of the blood which can wash sin away.

Chorus.

The wounds of Christ are open,
Sinner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

It soothes all life's sorrows,
It smoothes all its furrows,
It binds up the wound which transgression has made;
It turns night to morning,
So truly adorning
The spirit with joy when all other lights fade.

Come, cast in your sorrow,
Wait not till to-morrow,
Life's evening is closing, the death-bell will toll;
His blood for thee streaming,
His grace so redeeming,
His love intervening will pardon thy soul.

SOLO OF THE WEEK.

A HIDING PLACE.

Tune.—To heal the broken heart He came (B.J. 123).

7 A hiding-place from every storm,
A shelter that defends from harm;
A light that cheers the path of gloom,
Is Christ to all who to Him come.

Chorus.

To heal the broken heart He came,
To free the captive from his chain,
The blood He spilt when He was slain,
Brings guilty sinners home to God.

Oh, wounded heart, thy sorrow bring,
For thou may'st gain relief in Him,
Who gave His life so to redeem
Each grieving soul o'erthrown by sin.

Thy bonds shall break, oh, captive one,
For Christ to set thee free has come,
He waits to give the precious boon—
The freedom thou hast sought so long.

Coming Events.

COLONEL JACOBS

Will Visit

OWEN SOUND, Monday, Feb. 3rd.

The Red-Hot Revivalists,

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPT. MANTON

Will visit Picton, Sat., Jan. 18, to Tues., Jan. 28; Peterboro, Wed., Jan. 29, to Mon., Feb. 10.

Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT

Will visit Quebec, Wed., Jan. 15, to Jan. 22; Sherbrooke, Fri., Jan. 24, to Tues., Jan. 28; St. Johnsbury, Wed., Jan. 29, to Wed., Feb. 5; Barre, Fri., Feb. 7, to Mon., Feb. 17; Burlington, Wed., Feb. 19, to Wed., Feb. 26; Pt. St. Charles, Fri., Feb. 28, to Mon., March 10.

Central Ontario Province.

THE TEMPLE.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Sunday, Jan. 19.

Major Collier, Wednesday, Jan. 22.

Staff-Capt. Archibald, Monday, Jan. 27.

Staff-Capt. Creighton, Wednesday, Jan. 29.

The Territorial Headquarters' Staff Band, Thursday, Jan. 30.

BRIGADIER PICKERING

Will visit Orillia, Jan. 18, 19; The Temple, Jan. 20 (Farewell of Staff-Capt. Stanyon); Lippincott, Jan. 21; Burk's Falls, Jan. 25, 26; Huntsville, Jan. 27; Bracebridge, Jan. 28; Orillia, Jan. 29; Owen Sound, Feb. 1, 2, 3; Collingwood, Feb. 8, 9, 10; Meaford, Feb. 12, 13.

TOUR OF HAND-BELL RINGERS.

Sudbury, Fri., Sat., Sun., and Mon., Jan. 17, 18, 19, 20.

East Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER.

Kingston, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 18, 19 and 20. Napanee, Tuesday, Jan. 21. Belleville, Wednesday, Jan. 22. Picton, Thursday, Jan. 23. Trenton, Friday, Jan. 24. Sunbury, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 25, 26 and 27.

THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS.

Kingston, Tuesday, January 14th, to Thursday, January 23rd; Sunbury, Friday, Jan. 24, to Thursday, 30th. Odessa, Friday, Jan. 31, to Wednesday, Feb. 5. Kingston, Thursday, Feb. 6. Gananoque, Friday, Feb. 7 to Monday, 17th. Brockville, Wednesday, Feb. 12, to Thursday, 27th.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, clothing, or articles of household goods for the benefit of the Rescue Homes. Parcels should be addressed (prepaid) to any of our following Homes:—

"The Evangeline Home for Children," 62 Farley Ave., Toronto.
"The Industrial Home," 402 Yonge St., Toronto.
"The Working Women's Home," 24 Agnes St., Toronto.
"Port Hope Rescue Home, Riverview Ave., London, Ont.
"The Homestead," 42 St. James St., St. John, N.B.
"Liberty Hall," 203 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P.Q.
"Fort Rescue," 203 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.
"The Haven," 22 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
"The Anchorage," 80 Cook St., St. John, N.B.
"Hope Hall," 104 Elgin St., Ottawa, Ont.
"Hope Hall," 84 Hill St., Hamilton, Ont.
"Mission Home," 4 West Copper St., Butte, Mont., U.S.A.
"Rescue Home," 109 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
"Mission Home," 215 Trounce St., Vancouver, B.C.
"Beulah Home," 1107 Women's Home, 22 St. Mark's St., Portland, Ore., U.S.A.